

LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WOMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.



"A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood: therein alone she is royal."—GEORGE ELIOT.

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Woman—A Bird's-Eye View.

The world is not suffering her energies to stagnate, but she is moving onward and in glad surprise mounting to higher levels. Now and then a backward glance is given to the shadowy past, but the full eye looks forward and upward to the future that is bright. In no point is her progress more noticeable than in regard to her estimate of woman. St. Pierre and others assert that to the Christian religion alone do European women owe the liberty they enjoy; and from the liberty of women that of nations has flowed. Therefore, we say, the world has emerged from the ignorance of night, she has almost passed beyond the twilight of opinion, and soon will come the daylight of reason upon woman, her work, her sphere.

Some one suggests the mooted question, woman's work and woman's wages. It seems to us very much of a paradox—how great is her work and how limited in sphere, how small and yet how ample her hire. A woman will work all day and two-thirds of the night, she will dip and dart from attic to cellar, from cradle to stove, from tub to dish-pan, from needle to broom—following all these avocations within the narrow confines of home, and with such rapidity and energy as would make plodding, one-horse trade man as dizzy as falling shot. Consider the exuberance yet meagreness of her wages. Man works in a straight line, and at the end of each day's length of that line he finds a nugget of gold as pay for having travelled so far. Woman works in a circle, never reaching a stopping place. In fact the whole of her life is a continual letting in and out of tucks, performing the inevitable, pursuing the circle round and round. This is the mother's—the mother's circle, and we know—she herself is too busy to think of it—that within this circle is the centre of energy and education, genius and influence. It is the firmness in the mother's hand which rules the world; it is the gentleness in the mother's voice which is loved throughout the world; it is the light in the mother's eye which kindles noble ambitions, which gives lustre to manhood.

Not all daughters, sisters, and mothers, however, can remain in that dear hut called home. A woman frequently finds that she must be somebody on her own account, and no longer does she strive to get along on the reputation of her ancestors, and of her brothers and father. Acres are being added, year by year, to the field in which she may work and glean.

There are occupations and professions we would not like her to follow, new powers and new empires and new woman's rights we would not wish for her. Where she is admitted, however, as man's equal in point of quality and quantity of labor we cannot, within

the range of our minds, find a shadow of reason for her remuneration being a half, a fifth of that he receives. It is sometimes urged that women have not the fidelity necessary to success, that their manners are unsuited for contact with the world, and that they too much resemble butterflies for service by the side of men. Sincerity

the health of an Antony. Only one Elizabeth ever had three thousand robes. That woman is capable of filling becomingly and well a high position, we have exemplified in Victoria, who holds in her small hands the greatest of earthly kingdoms.

If women should be eliminated from the reach of discussion,

many writers, great and small, would have to "fold their tents like the Arabs and silently steal away." Shakespeare, speaking of women, said:

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety,"

and he, doubtless knew all about women, when around him he gathered the beautiful Portia, the shrewd of tongue, the gentle-voiced, the weak-made women of waxen minds, she that had Dian's wit, and she that possessed Juno's place, the woman mannish grown, she that is an Arabian bird, she that makes defect perfection, and she that outstrips all praise. Refer to your tablet of memory and see what Pope says of woman as a contradiction, and what he states heaven

"Shakes all together, and produces—you."

Campbell exclaims that without the home where woman smiles, 'man is a world without a sun.' Moore thinks the world and its destinies devotedly cast in in woman's hands. Goldsmith considers "the modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, much more servicable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens." Lowell esteems woman and writes, "Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected." This according to Thomson is woman's mission:

"To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year
And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race
To rear their graces into second life;
To give Society its highest taste;
Well-ordered home man's best delight to make;
And by submissive Wisdom, modest skill
With every gentle care-cluding art,
To raise the Virtues animate the Bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of Human Life;
This be the female Dignity and Praise.
D. S.

Opera Cloak.

Opera cloak of pearl grey cloth, trimmed with black feathers and a passementerie of darker gray silk and silver; the back shows a flat Watteau fold which is now adopted to all the elegant wraps and dresses, and can hardly be dispensed with; the sleeves are very

wide and fall straight in front.

Attendant—"The living skeleton is sick."

Manager—"Great Heavens! What ails him?"

Attendant—"He's got a pain, but he's so thin the doctor's don't know whether it's cramps or back-ache."



OPERA CLOAK.

and purity are words used in the descriptive sense of woman; then we've read that fine manners mantle fair minds; and they are not lovers of pleasure to a greater extent than their noble fathers and big brothers. It is an exceptionable case when a woman devotes life to gayety and dissipation. History will record but one Cleopatra who, under pleasure's insatiation, dissolves a \$375,000 jewel to

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MISS MADGE ROBERTSON, M.A.,

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Special Notice.

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An extra charge will be made for boxing and packing charges on all prizes and premiums given by us.

IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

Our New Departure.

The proprietors of the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY have for some time been in communication with an artist from London, England, who has been engaged on one of the leading Ladies periodicals in that country. They have, at great expense, succeeded in securing his services, and he has now arrived in Canada. In this week's issue will be found two pages of drawings by his pen; one sketched at the Grand Opera house, illustrating the play in progress there last week, *Amy Robsart*; the other a page of fashionable jackets shown in the new summer stock of Messrs. W. A. Murray and Co. A specialty of his work will consist of actual fashion sketches from Canadian goods and designs, and we shall be able to present to our readers drawings of fashionable goods, which can readily be purchased in this country. No other publication in Canada is supplying original fashion work in this way, and we trust the effort we have made on their behalf will be appreciated by our lady friends.

Omar Khayyam.

A casual quotation from the Rubaiyat, by the writer, has brought so many inquires as to the poem that an unwilling conviction is forced that women do not read this famous work. The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, the astronomer poet of Persia, has become of late years a volume in the library of every young man of culture. That it is not better known to the world of women is perhaps natural. It is not a lady-like poem. Whether one interprets it as does the translator, Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, as the work of an epicurean, the burden of whose song is "Let us drink for To-morrow we die," or whether one adjudges him the Mystic who shadows the deity under the figure of wine, there is a wonderful imagery and a strain of sad stoicism that charms the mind and arouses the sympathy.

Omar Khayyam (the tent-maker) lived and died at Naishapur busied in winning knowledge of every kind and especially in astronomy wherein he attained a very high pre-eminence. Little is known of him, and that little uneventful, as the life of a close student. One of his pupils says "I often used to hold conversations with my teacher, Omar Khayyam, in a garden, and one day he said to me, 'My tomb shall be in a spot where the north wind may scatter roses over it.' I wondered at the words he spake but I knew that his were no idle words. Years after when I chanced to re-visit Naishapur, I went to his final resting-place and lo! it was just outside a garden and trees laden with fruit stretched their boughs over the garden wall, and dropped their flowers upon his tomb, so as the stone was hidden under them."

The Rubaiyat, as the verses or Testraslich are called are in Mr. Fitzgerald's translation, one hundred in number, and the name of the form of verse is given to the whole collection. The first verse reads:

Wake! For the sun who scattered into flight
The Stars before him from the field of night,
Drives night along with them from heav'n and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a shaft of light."

Then the drowsy worshipper outside the tavern shouted: "Open then the door! You know how little while we have to stay, and once departed, may return no more." And the author reflects on the vanity of things mortal reminding that "The Bird of Time has but a little day to flutter—and the Bird is on the wing." and still in that strain

"Whether at Naishapur or Babylon
Whether the cup with sweet or bitter run
The wine of life keeps oozing drop by drop
The leaves of life keep falling one by one."

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone."

One can give, even in an extended article, but a faint idea of the beauty of the poem and pick out only a few jewels in the necklace of the Rubaiyat, but here is one that cannot be let lie hidden.

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely Head."

Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regret and future Fears;
To-morrow I will, To-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years."

The allusion in the last line of course is, a thousand years to each planet. The note struck here is a familiar one to readers of Omar. The To-day is what, amidst the shifting unrealities of life, he catches firmly hold of and according to the Epicurean interpretation of Omar it is just the old "Carpe Diem," "Eat, drink, and be merry for to-morrow ye die." He asks again the old, old question whence we came and whither we go.

"Earth could not answer; nor the sea that mourns
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn."

He then lifts his hand to find a lamp amid the darkness and failing to learn the secret of life still fearlessly says:

"So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink
And offering his Cup, invite your soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink."

For as he goes on to say if the Soul can ride free on the air of heaven it were a shame to cripple it, in what is but a Tent where takes his one-day's rest, a Sultan. "The Eternal Saki from that Bowl has poured millions of bubbles like us and will pour, when you and I behind the Veil are past." He is a philosopher and recognizes that "a hair perhaps divides the False and True," and that "one thing, at least, is certain—This Life flies . . . the flower that once has blown forever dies." He asks:

"Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too."

And then comes the stanza which the author of "John Ward, Preacher," made known to all the world as his preface to that wonderful little novel.

"I sent my soul through the Invisible
Some letter of that After-life to spell;
And by-and-bye my soul return'd to me
And answered 'I myself am Heaven and Hell!'"

That is perhaps the best known Rubaiyat of the collection unless such be the often used story of the Potter and the clay. This relation of Pot and Potter to man and his Maker figures every where in the literature of the world from the time of the Hebrew Prophets. Omar Khayyam maps his own wealth of imagery and terse questions around the old theme, making the awkward vessel ask if the hand of the Potter shook? and the loquacious vessels take comfort in "He that with his hand the vessel made will surely not in after-wrath destroy."

One feels the helplessness of attempting to give any idea of the Rubaiyat. Every one will interpret it, and rightly so, as it fits in with the mood of each. To many Omar will be forever the genial, faulty, wine-drinking, human old philosopher; to others he is a dreamer, a mystic involving the mystery of life in a host of images, an exponent of an ideal type of brave pessimism. The latter is the more reasonable idea. The Eastern love of symbolism explains the free use of figures of speech and it is pleasanter to think of the author of the Rubaiyat as a worshipper, even of false gods than a mere votary of the grape. The very despondency of the close of the poem forbids that. Listen:

"Yet ah, that spring should vanish with the Rose
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!"

Visitors to the Sanctum.

L. P. WALFORD, the novelist says: "I feel emboldened to confess that I could never pound through the solemn mazes of 'Robert Elsmere,' and regard with absolute terror the dreary lengths of 'David Grieve.' The theological novel has for me—and I suspect for a good many others, if they durst own as much—no 'folding, soft, eternal, charm.' Consequently it was with some internal misgiving that I found myself alone with 'Edna Lyall' a few days ago. But the author of 'Donovan' and 'We Two' was so modest, gentle, and unassuming, so entirely unspoiled by success, that all preconceived notions vanished in a breath, and with equal swiftness vanished the hours in which we talked. 'Edna Lyall' has a noble brow—the brow of a thinker; otherwise she is hardly beautiful, though her photographs have done her scant justice. She

looks very young, and—crude as in some respects it is—one can scarcely realize that 'Donovan' was written twelve years ago. She is now busy upon a new work which will run as a serial in *Good Works* throughout the coming year." This confirms what the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY said in its "Literature" column a few weeks ago. The author of both that article "Another View of David Grieve" and the review which has been so flatteringly spoken of, of Mr. Mowat's book, "The Evidences of Christianity" must be known for the present merely as "B.R." I regret that I cannot claim the authorship and the credit of the articles in question as the critiques are very able and have been noticed by a great many literary people. Perhaps "B.R." will later give me permission to divulge her identity.

SOME years ago I was given a pretty translation of one of De Calderon's ballads. Turning over an old scrap-book I came once more upon the verses. Here they are:

"Since for kissing you, Minquillo,
Mother scolds me all the day,
Give me back my kiss, my darling,
Give me back my kiss, I pray.
Do, she makes so great a bother,
Scolds so sharply, looks so grave,
Ah! my love, to please my mother,
Give me back, that kiss I gave.
If we have done aught amiss,
Let's undo it while we may,
Quickly give me back my kiss,
That she may have naught to say."

Out upon you, false Minquillo,
One you gave, but two you take,
Give me back the two, my darling,
Give them for my mother's sake."

Other translations of the charming little song have appeared and every pair of lovers have doubtless played a leading part in this one, two, or three-act drama.

Madge Robertson

Literature.

"The world of books is still the world I write."—MRS. BROWNING.

With the Magazines.

The *Methodist Magazine* for March is unusually attractive. The articles are of great interest to both the special class of readers its contributors appeal to and also to the general public. It contains an interesting article on Lady Henry Somerset and an excellent portrait of that lady. The missionary news is fresh and useful. The whole number is of special interest to women. This is partly due to the women's names one sees among the contributors partly to such articles as "A Woman's Fight with the Minister," "Concerning Women."

The first number of the *Idler*, Jerome's new magazine has attracted much attention. One of its main attractions is the composite photograph series. As the reader can imagine, a picture which is Salisbury, Gladstone, Smith, Harcourt, Balfour, Roseberry, Goshen, Morley, together all of them and yet none of them, is fascinating from every point of view. Jerome's own contributions Silhouettes, and bits of the editorials are, as might be expected, capital. James Payn's story "Her First Smile," and Andrew Lang's "Enchanted Cigarettes," are prominent features. We wish the new venture success.

One very decidedly attractive feature of *The Strand* is the department "Illustrated Interviews with Prominent Men." February issue contains a beautifully illustrated article of interviews with the late Sir Morell Mackenzie. The engravings of his home are very fine. March has the next of the series, Rider Haggard, his home and family. Mr. Haggard's favorite production is "Eric Brighteyes." The *Strand* also gives each issue a novel series of photographs, being portraits of celebrities at different ages from childhood up. This issue contains photographs thus graded of Charles Santley, Fanny Brough, the Lord Mayor of London, Clement Scott, Lord Justice Hannen, Alma-Tadema. The short stories are especially interesting and the other illustrated articles doubly attractive.

Our Home an Edinburgh monthly is a most useful little paper sent in weekly instalments. The housekeeper will find it very valuable indeed. It deals with cookery, dress, fashion, fancy-work, health, garden-work, poultry-keeping, bee-keeping, and home amusements.

The *Cosmopolitan* for March has for its leading features, "The Columbian World's Fair," by Dr. Young; "Cologne Cathedral," by Elizabeth Bisland. The very charming frontispiece "Saint Valentine's Morning," by Leon Morgan arrests one's attention so long that the contents of the really excellent number have to be gone through more hurriedly. "Fair Imogen upon the Stage," by Chas. E. L. Wingate, tells of the former theatre days and is illustrated with quaint portraits of the beauties of the greenroom. Particularly

of interest to women is this number for the next page shows an article on "Strawberry Hill and the Countess Walgrave," with very pretty accompanying pictures. "Trailing Yew," by Patience Stapleton is continued and keeps up its interest. A most thrilling narrative is MacMahon Challinor's "A Night with a Leopard." And to relieve the mind promptly follows a brisk account of those delightful cartoons of the famous comic artist John Tenniel.

THE *Art Amateur* for March has, as its principal article, a description by A. L. Baldry of the famous art school of Professor Herkomer at Bushey, England. There are articles on the Water-Color Society's Exhibition; on the Management of Picture Exhibitions; on the Painting of Lace; on Portrait Painting in Oil, by Frank Fowler, and on Still-Life Painting, by Allyn Aymar. The rare faience in the Spitzer Museum is described, and a number of beautiful examples are reproduced. "The Strolling Critic," as usual, is very helpful to those who are trying to beautify their homes. The China Painting department is full of valuable matter, including the first of a series of "Talks to my Class," by Miss Elizabeth H. Haines, and "The Decoration of a Table Service." A full-page cut shows how a commonplace hallway may be attractively modified. A double-page illustration of a "Flower and Bird Design" will be welcomed by those who wish to paint screens or furniture panels. There is a calendar for the month; there are reviews of new books: directions for the treatment of designs; a most useful table of palettes for painting in all branches; correspondence relating to crayon portraiture, modelling in clay, embroidery, interior decoration, pyrography and china painting. The color plates comprise a flower study called *Button Bush and Lilies*, for reproduction in water-color; one of *Oranges*, for reproduction in oil, water-color or pastel, and one of *Ribbon Plates*, for china painters.

THE reader who will somewhat thoroughly peruse the pages of the *Review of Reviews* for March will find himself in possession of a very complete general view of the current movements of the world's action, expression and thought. Among the interesting special articles, one finds an account of Professor Ely and the new Wisconsin State University School of Social and Political Science. There is also a review of the late Professor Emile de Laveleye's new work upon Democratic Government, and a pleasant sketch of his life and personality. There are further notes upon the London Polytechnic's proposed excursion of thousands of young English mechanics to the World's Fair at Chicago next year, and an article discussing and favoring the proposed sixteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

ALL of Tolstoi's family are in various parts of the famine district in Russia, organizing and superintending the work of relief.

MILTON was of the opinion that the verses composed by him between the autumnal and spring equinoxes were always the best.

EUGENE Field tells how he planned to decorate the books of his library with his coat-of-arms, and to that end proceeded to find out just what this was. Success crowned his efforts, but the family motto was still lacking, and this involved further delay. One day, however, he discovered that Marshall Field, the Chicago merchant was stamping muslin with this same coat-of-arms; whereupon the bibliophile decided to abandon his cherished purpose as a desecration of the treasures on his shelves.

Grand Opera House.

Miss Marie Wainwright in "Amy Robsart."

Amy Robsart is one of those plays that will always be popular, carrying one back with it to the good old times in Old England, when Queen Bess, the good Queen Bess as she is popularly called, held the sceptre of power during the troublous times of the change from Romanism to Protestantism. This would partly account for the large houses at the Grand last week; but when a play is exceptionally well-mounted, and with such an actress as Marie Wainwright in the leading role, one would be surprised if the attendance had been anything but large. She was ably supported by the rest of the company. Miss Blanch Walsh as Queen Elizabeth was in parts very effective, and the part of Varney was well taken by Barton Hill. Our special artist was present on Wednesday evening and took sketches of some of the interesting scenes and characters which are reproduced on page 182.

New Spring Jackets at W. A. Murray & Co's.

One page 183 will be found illustrations by our artist of some of the new styles of jackets just imported for the coming season by the above firm. Of the two jackets shown, the tight fitting one is of box cloth, embroidered with silk and tinsel; with feather edging in self color round the edge of the collar and down the front of the jacket. This jacket is made extra long, in accordance with the tendency to wear jackets and mantles even longer than was fashionable last season. The hat is also one of Messrs. Murray's specialties, as also the other hats shown. This one is three-cornered in shape and daintily trimmed with the new madre ribbon, exhibiting all the tints of mother of pearl. The Blazer jacket is made in Bedford cord, garnished in Black and Gold, and as is usual with this combination of color looks stylish, and has a very

rich effect. It is lined throughout with a fine checked silk. The Bonnet is of fancy straw with yachting bows and a dolly crown trimmed with chiffon and Osprey, and has a very dressy appearance. The cloak is a three-quarter length or rather more, being 40 inches long. It is made in Woodbrown box-cloth of a light texture with feather trimming round the collar, and embroidered in self-color and gold. The hat shown with it is one of the large brimmed ones so much worn, trimmed with chantilly lace, black moire ribbon and Prince of Wales tips. The travelling cloak is a new style in Heptonette, a light material suitable for dust cloaks, travelling wraps and etc., which at the same time is thoroughly waterproof. The hat is a dainty travelling hat with a gold bullion crown, sky blue velvet trimmings, and with a very stylish bow at the side.

Our English Letter.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

LONDON, March 12. '92.

I am sure you must be tired of waiting for my long promised letter, this wretched influenza epidemic is alone to blame for the delay. Fortunately I have not had a very severe attack, but it was severe enough to make me still feel entirely weak and depressed, and I fear this will in consequence not prove a very cheerful letter. By the way is not "influenza" an absurd name for such a disease? Now there is something really suggestive about the French and Canadian La Grippe; it certainly arrives with lightning rapidity although there are not many who are fortunate enough to be able to say that it departs with the same speed, would it did! This influenza is still the all-important topic of the hour, although the severity of the visitation is passing over. It is indeed to be hoped that before its next appearance, medical men will more thoroughly understand its nature and treatment. At present they certainly seem to be working in the dark. I expect in your part of the world also enterprising tradesmen are advertising the most wonderful preventives and cures, the latest here are cinnamon, marmalade, and honey. I have always had implicit faith in ammoniated quinine, but to-day I read in a small medical journal that "quinine is more likely to cause influenza than prevent it, as it is apt to disturb the digestion, bring on headaches and so lower the tone of the system." This may be perfectly true in some cases, for many people cannot take quinine even in the smallest quantities without feeling bad effects. I find so many of my friends are quite reckless in their use of it, they dissolve it in wine or take up some on a teaspoon, quite haphazard and drink it in milk, thus sometimes taking doses much too large. Certainly the safest way to take the drug and the pleasantest is in the form of pills, those of two grains each I generally have. Have you ever tried Eucalyptus Oil? I am a great believer in its efficacy, it is splendid for rheumatism, sprains &c., and of course is one of the preventatives.

What a terribly dull and sad commencement this New Year has had! and the spirit of gloom and depression seems still to hang over London and Society generally.

There is nothing going on and of course no gaiety can be expected until the period of Court Mourning is over, which will be early next month; then I believe the Princess of Wales, the Princesses Victoria and Maud and Prince George are to go to the South of France for a lengthened stay, and the Prince of Wales will appear once more in Society in London and elsewhere. It is rumoured that Princess May is to accompany the Queen on her visit to Hyeres. I sincerely hope the rumour may prove correct, for although bearing her sorrow very bravely, Princess May is looking very thin and delicate, and a thorough change of scene and surroundings cannot fail to do her much good. Of course there is any amount of gossip going about now as to Prince George's Marriage. The choice seems to lie between Princess Margaret of Prussia, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and princess Alix of Hesse, all first cousins. As far as the Prince's own feelings are concerned, I have heard that the favored one is Princess Victoria, indeed it was whispered that he was already engaged to her when his brother died. If this marriage is arranged I think it will be as popular as that of Prince Albert Victor and Princess May would have been, for Princess Victoria is a charming unaffected girl and a general favorite. Poor Prince George is soon to experience one of the joys, or otherwise, of being heir presumptive to a throne; he is to make a grand tour of all the foreign courts, and this our sailor Prince will most undoubtedly find a bore.

A few days since the sermon preached by Canon Flemming at Sandringham on the Sunday after Prince Albert Victor's death was published by command of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and with her usual kind thought and interest in charitable institutions, the Princess wishes all profits arising from the sale of the book to be divided between the Gordon Boy's Home, and the Home for Incurables. I have good reason to expect that both Homes will benefit substantially by the Princess's kind thought. I sent to the publishers for a copy early on the morning the book was published, and to my great disappointment found the supply was already sold out, so I am still waiting for the pleasure of reading it. I hope it will ere long find its way to Canada. The preface contains a very touching anecdote related by the Princess to Canon Fleming, which I must tell you in case you have not yet heard it. In 1888 on the occasion of the Princess's receiving the Holy Communion with her five children she "gave Eddy a book" in which she had written certain lines from favorite hymns calculated to impress upon him the solemnity of the sacred rite, and to fix his thoughts on the Cross. Having placed a wreath of flowers on his breast after death, the Princess "turned to the table at his bedside and saw the little book." She adds she "could not help feeling that he did cling to the Cross." I am glad to hear that the Queen's Letter to the nation in response to the sympathy expressed on the occasion of the death of the Duke of Clarence is to be reproduced in *fac simile*. It is to be in lithograph and etching, and Mr. Poynter R.A., is to make the design for the border.

Yesterday the funeral of the late Mr. Spurgeon took place, and from the accounts in all the daily papers, there must have been many moving scenes. The body had been lying in state in the Metropolitan Tabernacle since its arrival from the South of France and it was conveyed through streets lined with mourners to its last resting-place in Norwood cemetery, about six miles from town. The cortege is said to have been two miles long, and all shades of religious opinion were represented beside the grave; the Bishop of Rochester joined the procession at the cemetery gates. Were you fortunate to have the opportunity of hearing Mr. Spurgeon preach when you were in England? Or was he away at the time? I was perfectly enthralled on the one occasion when I heard him, such a wonderful fluency of language, such a happy way of making himself at once one with his audiences he had; there could be no doubt even in the minds of those who differed from him most in religious opinions, that he was thoroughly in earnest, that his whole heart and soul was in his work. I suppose Mr. Talmage is the only preacher in the world who can in any way be compared to him.

On this occasion, I remember the friend who accompanied met pointed out Mrs. Spurgeon. She sat alone in a large pew and listened in a rapt and eager way to her husband's words. She is a middle-aged woman with a pleasant, contented face and wears her hair in curls which fall on her shoulders. I believe she was devoted to her husband, but owing to a chronic illness from which she suffered, she has been unable for several years to help Mr. Spurgeon as she would otherwise have done; it was a great grief to her that she was often too ill even to nurse him or accompany him abroad.

You ask me what books I have been reading lately. Well! of course Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "History of David Grieve" is one. This book is the rage now, it is a continuation of "Elsmere" and you know my opinion of "Robert Elsmere." I must confess I am tired of the perpetual discussions, etc., about Mrs. Humphrey Ward's New Religion, still I was deeply interested in David Grieve, and his spiritual history is worked out with great skill and insight into character; many scenes are very powerful, but some of the characters leave a painful impression on the mind. Certainly the book will raise the reputation of the authoress, although it somewhat lacks the charm of originality which "Robert Elsmere" possessed in such a high degree. I have also been reading a delightful collection of Hans Anderson's letters; the chief charm of his correspondence lies in the revelations of the man's loving nature and childlike simplicity.

We hear a good deal just now about the Chicago Exhibition. Is Canada to be well represented? I think it is doubtful whether England will be as well represented as she might be. The fact that the Americans invite us to exhibit but do not offer to reduce the enormous duties which they levy on almost all imported articles especially pictures is exciting great comment in the daily papers. I always have thought it particularly hard on English artists, that they should be compelled to pay such heavy duty on pictures which they send to other countries, while works of foreign artists are totally exempt from duty in England.

You wish me to give you some hints on London fashions, my dear Elsie, its very little I can tell you just now, don't you remember we are just in one of the dullest seasons of this dull year and we cannot expect anything new, until the Court mourning is at an end at least. I hear that capes will still be worn this spring but of entirely new shapes; smaller hats of the turban shape will appear, but are scarcely likely to be popular, bonnets are also to be small and somewhat flat, mostly of straw with openwork jet crowns. Corset bodices are still much in vogue, and very pretty they are for both evening and daily wear; they are economical too, as with their aid an old-fashioned gown may be quite modernised. How glad I am that my pet aversion, (for millinery purposes that is), violets are not to be general in hats or bonnets this spring. It has always been a mystery to me why English women so persistently choose to adorn their hats and bonnets with stiff ungraceful bunches of these flowers, whose great charm in nature certainly lies in their delicious perfume. Ostrich feathers are more in favor than ever, and no wonder, for the large hats now so much worn would lose half their picturesqueness if devoid of the long feathers or plumes of short ones.

I think there is nothing very new in the way of fancy needlework. Leather work does not gain much in popular favor in England, but I believe in Germany it is very much thought of. I am not alluding to the old-fashioned leather work flowers, fruit, etc., in leather, this is embossed leather with conventional patterns in colours, silver or gold; I have seen very handsome tops for stools, tables, etc., panels for doors or screens; sometimes this leather work is decorated with silks, a sort of coarse silk embroidery. I have lately tried painting on chamois leather again; you will remember my dismal failures some years ago, but now I have discovered a new medium, which I believe is only to be bought in Bond St., it answers the purpose of preventing the colours running even better than I hoped before I tried it. There are many pretty little trifles both useful and ornamental which can be made with chamois leather and in my next letter I hope to describe a few. This letter has far exceeded the length I originally expected it to be, but as I went on writing I remembered more little items of news which I thought might prove interesting. There is always some slight difficulty in writing to friends so far away, for facts and events which are of absorbing interest to us in the mother country often do not excite a second thought in the colonies, and no wonder, for man is a selfish mortal and must always take the most interest in matters which most nearly concern himself, his home and his own country. I am sorry I cannot send you the recipe you asked for this week. I have stupidly mislaid it, but it shall arrive with my next letter as also a menu for an inexpensive little dance supper which may prove useful. Don't forget your promised descriptive letter of your trip to Quebec. Yours, etc.,

ANNIE VAUGHAN.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Question and Answer.

BY KATE.

Out in the crowded streets to-day,
Passing the throngs of grave and gay,
Where the tide of life with swiftest flow
Like the ocean waves, ebbs to and fro;
I saw a something, dark and slow,
Through the heart of the bustling city go.

It was not one of the cabs or carts
That run thro' the city's busy marts;
Or the carriages filled with ladies gay,
Whose life is a play or a holiday;
This was so somber it seemed to cast
A shade o'er the noon-day as it past.

Darkly shining it glided by,
Slow, and solemn, and strangely high,
The sides of glass, yet you felt with a thrill,
No eyes could look through those windows chill;
And on the top of it, stranger than all,
Were waving feathers, white and tall.

After it came a long, dark, line
Of carriages, keeping the same, sad time,
The faces that filled them were pale and sad,
And each in a sable robe was clad,
Gliding after the phantom slow,
With midnight trappings, and plumes of snow.

What did it carry, and whither I wonder?
Something gleamed thro' that darksome window,
Something narrow, and black, and long,
I did but marvel, and it was gone,
I felt a thrill, I scarce knew why,
As the nodding, snowy plumes, swept by

Somewhere I read in a strange, old ditty,
Of a place they call "The Silent City,"
Its inmates are neither few nor small,
But the seal of silence covers them all;
And the crowds of earth pass each, alone,
Into that shadowy land, unknown.

"Oh Silent City" not far away!
Must each one visit thy courts one day?
Each loving, longing, living heart,
From love, and life, and hope, must part,
And is this all poor child of earth?
This voiceless, dreamless, dawnless death.

Not so—sick heart, that faints beneath the thought,
Thy God, thy Father lives, at first He brought
Thee hither, from the silence and the night,
To this strange life—thus darkness leads to light,
With His own hand He rolls away the stone,
And bids thee trust, yet leaves thee not alone.
Think how One passed before thee that dark door,
Piercing the night for thee forevermore.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

The Forgotten Castle of St. Philip Alencon.

BY INEZ DEAN.



DON'T believe this boat intends going to-day," cried Grace, as she impatiently pulled out her watch for the third time in ten minutes.

The remark was the signal for the rest of the party to inspect their watches, and all agreed that it was fully an hour past the time for sailing, as given in the advertisement.

This impatient group was standing on the upper deck of the

State of Maine, at a Boston dock, and was commencing a summer trip long talked of. "The Provinces" had for months been a theme of interest for all of them, though from different motives. Grace declared that Edith wanted to see them because she adored anything English, while she wanted to show that travel in foreign lands would only have the effect of making her love her dear "States" the more.

The party numbered six, Mr. and Mrs. Ainsley, their sons, Carl and Harry, and daughter Grace, with the latter's room-mate and best friend at school the previous year, Edith Holden. Grace and Edith were as unlike each other as possible. Grace was certain she could pass anywhere for a "dandy," with her decidedly round figure, black hair and eyes, and dark olive complexion; while Edith was a good picture of the typical Saxon maid, her figure being slight and graceful, hair of a delicate golden hue, eyes of a deep blue, capable of becoming dark when she was interested, and a complexion so pure that it would have driven Venus wild with envy. Such were the girls in appearance. In character and disposition they were much alike, save that Edith, who to strangers was dignified and reserved, among her friends far outshone Grace in quickness of wit and a decided love of fun and adventure.

The boys, one older and the other younger than their sister, were manly young fellows of medium height and dark features, both extremely pleasant and companionable. Mr. and Mrs. Ainsley were a charming couple, as young in feelings as any of their youthful charges.

At last came the long wished-for order, "All ashore that's going ashore!" and the steamer slowly backed out of its dock and

commenced to thread its way among the many boats in Boston Harbor. After a pleasant afternoon's trip up the Maine coast, with fine headlands dimly seen on the horizon, they reached Portland, where after a stop of a few hours, the steamer again stood out for the last port on the Eastern coast of the United States.

The night proved a clear one; and the party, comfortably wrapped in ulsters and shawls, seated themselves on the hurricane deck to enjoy the glorious moonlight and to congratulate themselves that none were seasick. Grace confidently asserted that she always knew she should make a good sailor, and that she did not desire the company to construe anything to the contrary from her loss of meals. Alas! some hours later this proud spirit lay crushed,—not to earth but to her berth. Songs, and jokes at each other's expense, filled the time till all "turned in."

When the voyagers came on deck the next morning, the steamer was passing between "Sail Rock" and "Quoddy Head." In front and within sight lay the quaint town of Lubec, and farther off, Eastport, at too great a distance to have its beauty marred by the odor of its sardine factories. Opposite these villages were the islands of Grand Manan and Campobello, and between the latter Passamaquoddy Bay, crowded with crafts and its blue waters glistening in the bright sunlight. The picture was perfect and the party were eloquent in their praises. Grace even tried to compose some poetry, but she only got as far as "O, beautiful coast of Maine," and was vainly trying to find a word to rhyme with "Maine," when Harry, placing his hand on her head, said that he was sorry she was seasick just when they had reached the prettiest part of the trip, and asked if she would like to go below.

Soon the wharf was reached, and the whole party disembarked for a stroll through the town. The first object that met their view (and their sense of smell also) was the factory where small American herrings are packed in linseed oil, and converted into "French Sardines" by simply putting a French label on the boxes. After wandering about the little town, and purchasing fruit and confectionery to an alarming extent, they returned to the boat and once more passed beyond Campobello, and into the widespread waters of the Bay of Fundy.

A few hours brought them to the curious old city of St. Johns, and the beautiful harbor, one of the foremost four in the world, in respect to commerce, lay about them. Ships, steamers and sloops of all descriptions and from every quarter of the globe were there moored, and Edith asserted that she "Began to feel English already." Before landing, the grim custom-house officer appeared, and the girls felt sure they would have all their belongings tumbled about; but he only fiercely drew a figure "8" on each piece of baggage, and departed.

The day was spent in roaming about the city, visiting the famous "Martello Tower," where they thought of the brave woman who defended the fort so well (to be sure they did not know about it until they had read the story in the guide-book, but that made no difference), and then to the suspension bridge over the St. Johns river, where the whole wide stream forces its way between massive rocky walls only five hundred feet apart. While watching there, two handsome American yachts passed under the bridge, and a salute of handkerchiefs was exchanged. Finally, the day was closed by the young folks with a visit to the "Japanese Village," where the feature of the evening was a Punch and Judy show.

One of the sights of St. Johns was yet in store for them, however, and that they were enabled to witness next morning. At an early hour they were awakened to take the boat. When they looked from their hotel windows the city of the night before had vanished. Only a few indistinct, vague forms, without shape or outline, could be seen—the fog had come. And then a downpour of rain was added just as the party reached the boat.

The trip down the harbor was smooth enough, but when the open water was reached, the steamer began to pitch and toss wonderfully. At first the little company bravely strove to read the most exciting novels they possessed, but ere long Grace started up with "I'm afraid I did not lock my state-room door, and someone may get in;" and with undue haste for such a trifling possibility, she darted for the door. The grand salon knew her no more for that morning. Then Edith feared Grace was ill and went in search of her, never to return. So one by one they wilted away; but not because they were sick, oh, no, but because there was something that must be attended to in the state-rooms.

Finally, like the sight of a life-boat to the ship-wrecked, "Digby Gut" came into view; and once inside that wall of rock, all sickness vanished. One by one our friends came on deck. No questions were asked, and only white faces and smelling-salts told the tale of woe. Digby was passed and Annapolis reached, where, delightedly, the party entered the train bound for Halifax.

Resting comfortably in easy seats, they rolled along through the beautiful valley between ridges of tree-clad mountains, and through extensive, well-kept farms, many of the latter being huge fruit gardens.

"Why it looks just like New England!" exclaimed the disappointed Edith. But the occupants of the car were decidedly English in speech and appearance, and that somewhat pacified the disappointed young lady.

Soon the train reached the historic "Grand Pre"; and on going to the rear platform the kindly conductor pointed out to our passengers the row of willows marking the chief street, and the places where had stood in former days "Basil's" forge and the kirk; and farther on, the Gaspereau, at whose mouth the fated French settlers embarked. Of course they all had read "Evangeline," and Edith even began to repeat "This is the forest primeval,—the murmuring pines and the hemlocks," but somehow those lines (all she could remember) did not apply very well, for no forests were visible there.

On they sped, the scenery ever growing wilder as they entered the mountains. Now a beautiful lake, covered with lilies lay below them; now a tiny cascade appeared, dashing down the face of the

huge walls of rocks; every moment the scene changed, until darkness put an end to all.

"Halifax!" called the conductor, and a very sleepy crowd shook themselves, picked up their numerous bundles, and left the cars. Soon they were peacefully slumbering 'neath the roof of the comfortable Waverley Hotel, dreaming of "Evangeline," and being wrecked, and climbing mountains,—all in confusion.

One day was here allotted to sight-seeing; and what visions of manly forms in red coats and Scotch caps filled the eye of Grace and Edith and made the latter young lady feel once more quite English! Edith was loud in her praises of the soldiers, while, privately, she decided that none of them could equal a certain Carl Ainsley, though she would never let him know it, for the world. In their rounds, they stormed the gates of the citadel, only to be repulsed; but they had the distant view, all the same. At the Province House, they were more successful, and gazed with great admiration at the famous portraits of some of the former rulers of Great Britain, their Majesties King George I, and II, and Queens Charlotte and Katherine, besides many of the lesser nobility.

Thus the day passed, and the next day found them again on the cars. The scenery along the line to Mulgrave was as fine as that of the previous journey, and much like it; but the day was hot and the cars stuffy and uncomfortable, and had it not been for a very amusing controversy on the "Alabama Claims," between a young American and an equally young Englishman, neither of whom seemed well posted on the subject, our friends would have found the journey much more wearisome. Mulgrave was finally reached, and the cool breeze from the strait of Canso made up for the disagreeable ride and the not overclean boat on which they embarked. The view from the boat as it moved up the strait was quite like a modification of the Hudson, with many little villages reaching the water's edge, and breaking the solitude of the wooded hills. Near sunset the canal was made, and slowly the boat steamed through into the broad calm bosom of the Bras d'Or Lake.

The sight here was decidedly foreign and beautiful, and the entire party used all the adjectives they knew, and then remained silent. Soon, however the fog came down, and nothing more was to be seen that night. Close upon midnight the company left the dirty little boat at Baddeck, and proceeded to the hotel recommended to them as the least offensive in the town. They were ushered into a damp, musty parlor, suggestive of anything but comfort, and there waited in sleepy misery until shown to their rooms. But the rooms! The odors of the parlor were attar of roses and incense in comparison to the smell that met their nostrils on entering the rooms. At first the girls were in despair; then Grace roused up, and seizing frantically a towel, rubbed the dirt from the top of the washstand and bureau, after which, partly disrobing, they retired, Grace holding in one hand a bottle of ammonia and in the other a carbolic acid inhaler, while Edith used plentifully her new bottle of cologne.

The morning dawned bright and clear, and the discomforts of the night were almost forgotten. A friend, appearing like a good angel, carried them off to a beautiful cottage further up the lake; and there the day sped by with bathing in the warm waters, rowing and admiring the rare views.

Eight o'clock again found them on the boat bound for Sidney and from there to St. Philip. The less said of this voyage the better. In the minds of the travellers it is a blank, broken here and there by moments of misery such as cannot be expressed—only felt. At last, after what seemed ages, but was, in reality, only a few hours, the boat once more came to anchor. Grace declared that her hair must be white and that she felt fully sixty; Edith to be thoroughly English, pronounced it a "nasty trip;" the boys said nothing, but looked exceedingly ashamed of having been ill. But sunshine, the picturesque harbor, and quaint old town of St. Philip, soon conspired to bring back cheerfulness to the white faces.

They landed and went to the hotel, which, to their satisfaction, they found much better than at Baddeck. A good meal refreshed them, and they then went out to view the city. This was really the most foreign town they had yet seen. Sailors of apparently every maritime nation walked the streets; French soldiers added a military air; the variety of languages to be heard on every side might have equalled that of the Tower of Babel;—and Edith and Grace were in ecstasies. At twelve they saw the soldiers drill in front of the court-house, and then sought the hotel and dinner.

After satisfying the cravings of hunger, the party divided. Grace retreated to her chamber for a nap, Mr. and Mrs. Ainsley went to write letters home, Harry started off to wander about the city alone, and Edith was persuaded by Carl to go for a ride.

Near one end of the island a group of high hills rises, covered with trees. As Edith and her companion neared them, at the summit of one they saw what resembled the ruin of a castle. Wondering at meeting such a sight here, they drove as near the foot of the hill as possible, and inquired at a farm house as to what the mass was. The aged peasant who answered their call, replied to the question:

"Ah, Monsieur et Mademoiselle, zat ees ze old chateau of Count Condue."

"Can we go to it?" asked Carl.

"Ah, oui; if you will walk up ze hill, and you will find zere ze old madame, who can tell you all of it."

They thanked the old man and leaving the horse in his keeping ascended the hill by an unkept road, which must once have been a fine drive-way, but was now overgrown with weeds. Suddenly emerging from the woods, they came upon an open space which seemed to have formerly been a lawn. Behind this rose the remains of a terrace, and on the latter stood the ruin they had seen from a distance.

(Concluded Next Week.)

Our Weekly Sermons By Celebrated Divines.

Written specially for the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Fellowship in the Gospel.

BY THE REV. JAS. WATSON.

Phil. i. v.: "Your fellowship in the Gospel."

The Church at Philippi, the first which the Apostle Paul organized in Europe, does not appear to have been very numerous; but it was well constituted, consisting of "all the saints in Christ Jesus which were at Philippi with the bishops and deacons." It was, indeed, a model Church, not merely in its constitution, but by its disposition and practice.

The Apostle thanked God for the fellowship of these consecrated Philippians in the gospel. This implies that they were joint sharers in the gospel; they all received it, and enjoyed it, and professed it. But more than that is intimated by the original phrase, which is more exactly and more explicitly rendered in the Revised Version—Your fellowship in furtherance of the gospel. The primitive idea of a Christian church was, that it should be a community for the support and extension of the gospel. The believing Philippians knew the design of the gospel of the grace of God, they loved it, they were zealous for it, they resolutely persisted in contributing to the maintenance and spread of it both at home and abroad. They were an Apostolic church, a Missionary church. At Philippi they exerted themselves for the gospel; individually and as a body, they all together, office-bearers and members, devoted themselves to make known the grace of the Lord Jesus and persuade men to turn unto the living God. As to the distant world, they considered that they could not do better for the advancement of the glorious gospel there, than send liberal contributions to supply the needs of the Apostle Paul. This they did when he was in Thessalonica, when he was in Corinth, and when he was in Rome. Their object in doing so was not only to show their love to the Apostle of the Gentiles, but to present unto God an offering, which they believed would help to diffuse abroad more widely the savor of the knowledge of Christ, "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing unto God." They were not rich in this world, but they were determined to be rich in good words, being ready to distribute, willing to communicate. As it becometh the gospel of Christ, they stood fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel, and in nothing terrified by their adversaries.

So much for exposition, now for application.

Being duly organized as a Christian community, the believing Philippians showed their Church-life by contributing to the furtherance of the gospel. Did they lose by their communicative goodness? No! they gained. They won the special esteem of the Apostle Paul. They called forth his warmest thanks and increased the earnestness of his prayers in their behalf. They overcame his reluctance to receive any material gift from the churches, and drew from him the powerful and encouraging assurance, "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus." Besides, they mortified their selfishness, proved the sincerity of their faith and showed the excellence of their society. In them it could be seen how Christ gathers people of every description into churches, moulds them into communities, and makes them sufficient, not only for self-support and self-government, but also for self-propagation and extension.

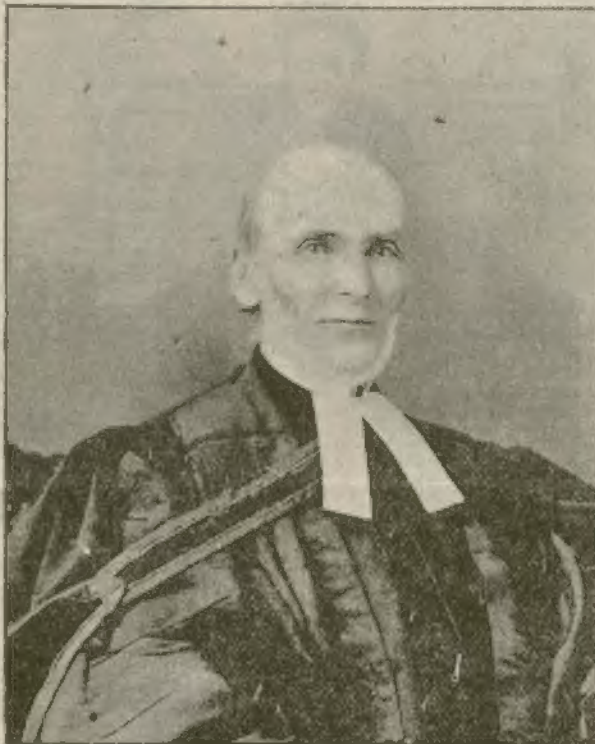
Again, should not all the churches of Christ follow the beneficent policy of the Church at Philippi? Yes, they should; because it is the only policy that is worthy of the Gospel of Christ. The Philippian church united with other churches in contributing for the relief of the poor saints at Jerusalem. By their gifts sent to the Apostle Paul at Thessalonica, Corinth and Rome, the Philippian Christians ministered to the churches there, and at the same time helped to spread the gospel through the world. God supplying their need, they were enabled to meet their own wants, and also contribute liberally for the furtherance of the gospel in other churches and among all nations. In short, they co-operated with the Apostle and assisted him as far as they had opportunity, in his great work, which was to care for all the churches, and preach the gospel to every creature. So, all particular churches, in modern times, should co-operate with their representative assemblies of office-bearers, in order that through these they may be able to hold communion with the Church Universal and promote the accomplishment of the great end for which God has established it upon the earth.

"The visible church, which is also Catholic, consists of all those throughout the world, that profess the true religion together with their children. Those who constitute the visible church are associated in congregations for the worship of God, the maintenance of the truth, mutual edification, and the spread of the Gospel of Christ, all to the glory of God in the salvation of men." Congregations or particular churches being parts of the general church, should have fellowship with one another, in the matter of giving and receiving; as in the constitution of the human body, the members contribute to the good of the whole and the whole contributes to the good of the parts. This has not been sufficiently considered since the day of the Apostles. The primitive churches required a large revenue for distribution both at home and abroad. But they did not attempt to obtain it by the circuitous way of application to Caesar. They looked directly to God, and He supplied all their need, through the means of their own honest labors and free-will offerings. By-and-bye, however, the churches looked less to God, and depended more upon Caesar. This, in effect has been the custom for ages. And hence, after all the long contentions for doctrine, worship, government and discipline, the churches have

yet to come to a settled agreement as to finance. The revived spirit of Home and Foreign Missions, however and the increase of popular influence, in these last days, are leading the churches almost unconsciously to resume the primitive liberality, which, when it is fairly developed, will fill the Lord's treasury to overflowing. The number of Christians is constantly increasing who frankly maintain the essential and perpetual obligation which Christ has laid on all his people, to support and extend His Church by free-will offerings. Let us have more of the Philippian kind of fellowship and the gospel will soon become the religion of all nations. Lord Jesus, shed abroad thy grace richly in our hearts, that we may know how to render thank-offerings unto Thee. Thy command to us is plain, "To do good and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

Again, should not Christian women excel to the edifying of the church? Lydia, Euodia, and Syntyche made themselves conspicuous in the Philippian Church by their good works. They labored with Paul in the gospel. Of Lydia, the writer of the Acts testifies, "When she was baptized, and her household, she besought us, saying, If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord come into my house and abide there. And she constrained us." In the present age many women are famous for their zeal to further the gospel, both at home and abroad. Let the number of such honorable ladies be vastly increased.

Finally, may all things fall out unto the furtherance of the gospel. Surely it is now time that the knowledge of the glory of the Lord fill the earth, as the waters cover the sea. The signs of the age are encouraging. It is come to be felt more deeply and extensively, that the nations need the gospel. The best Christians are striving to give the gospel to the whole world. And the conviction is growing everywhere that the Church of God is quite able to support both



James Watson

missionaries, and money for the thorough evangelization of the entire human race, within the course of a few years. The notion is exploded, that the Church of Christ is a dangerous society, intriguing for the enslavement of mankind, and requiring to be curbed by superior power or managed by the distribution of patronage. It is generally admitted that she ought to execute her heavenly commission and conquer the world for Christ. The great field of battle is open everywhere. The adversaries are many and the rising Christian community is not terrified by them. The Captain of salvation appears at the head of His consecrated people, who willingly offer themselves. "Let all thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

Rev. James Watson.

The Rev. James Watson of Huntingdon, in the Province of Quebec, from whose distant home comes the sermon for this week's issue, was born on the first day of December, 1824. He is a native of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and is thus one of the many gifted and logical sons that the land of the covenants sends forth to the New World. His education was entered upon and carried on in his native shire and as a seal upon his hard work in 1843 his alma mater King's College and University conferred upon him the degree of A. M. His secular studies were then in a measure ended for the time being and he commenced his theological studies in the Divinity Hall of the United Presbyterian Church at Edinburgh. Then this special preparation for the gospel-ministry over he was ordained. His induction took place at Walker near New Castle on Tyne, in the North of England. The Rev. Watson labored zealously and usefully in a rather unhealthy place for the period of two years and six months. In consequence of this unselfish devotion he became seriously ill and was forced much against his will to resign his charge. After a protracted illness and convalescence he found himself at length regaining health, and in 1854 he took the wise precaution of emigrating to a healthier climate. He came to the land of health-giving air, to Canada. Mr. Watson was in the

same year settled in what is now called the second Presbyterian Church in Huntingdon but which was at that time a much less important congregation. There he has ever since diligently labored. He is well known as the Clerk of the Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. He has received far and wide recognition of his labors and abilities and a few years ago was honored by the Senate of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, with the degree of D. D. So that the full title of the clergyman whose sermon on "Fellowship" will please so many readers is the Rev'd James Watson A. M.; D. D.

EDITOR.

In this series have already appeared:

Dec. 26th, 1890:	Rev. Benjamin Thomas, D.D., Toronto.
Jan. 2nd, 1892:	Rev. Chas. Mockridge, D.D., Toronto.
" 9th, "	Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., Toronto.
" 16th, "	Rev. W. S. Ramsford, D.D., New York.
" 23rd, "	Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., Toronto.
" 30th, "	Rev. S. M. Milligan, B.A., Toronto.
Feb. 6th, "	Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, Toronto.
" 13th, "	Rev. Prof. Clarke, F.R.S.C., Toronto.
" 20th, "	Rev. S. P. Rose, Montreal.
" 27th, "	Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Toronto.
March 5th, "	Rev. Wm. Cochran, D.D., Brantford, Ont.
" 12th, "	Rev. H. F. Bland, Quebec.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Courteous Men.

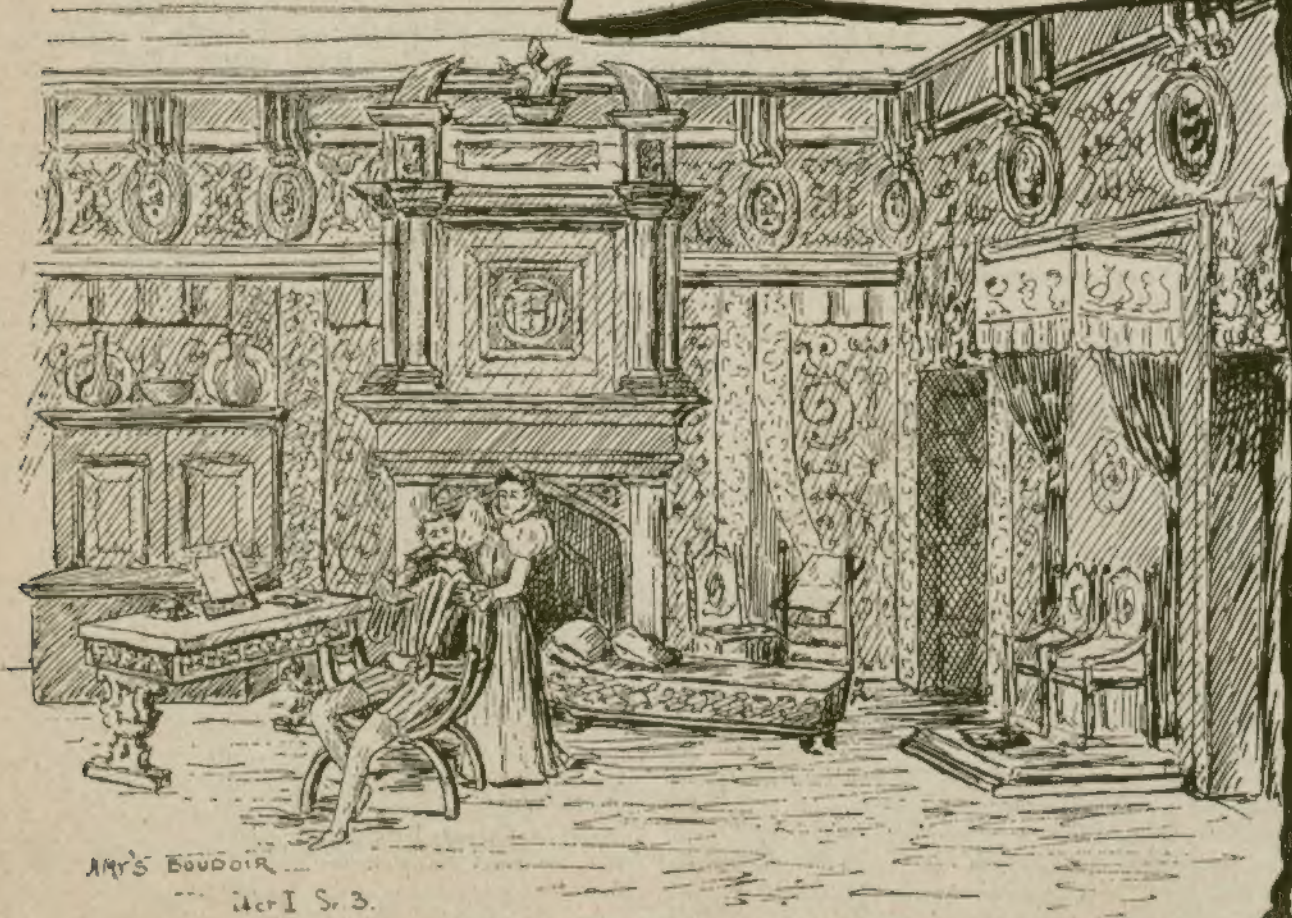
We meet this type of man almost every place we go. Handsome? Well, no, not precisely; at least not in a man's eyes. But he has that indescribable something about him which all the women adore at first sight. Young ladies who vow they will never, never marry, take back those words when they become acquainted with the courteous man whose days of bachelorhood are numbered. He is careless, light-hearted, and laughter-loving; he has not dark curly hair, but straight, commonplace locks. His position, circumstances, and friends enter into a heartless conspiracy to induce him to make a reasonable marriage. He accustoms himself once in a while, to call upon the ladies, to attend an occasional evening party or other pleasant festivals, where he is esteemed as "the prince of jovial fellows." There seems to be some marvellous attraction about the plain, nice, courteous man. "He makes everyone feel at home. Isn't he a delightful person?" asked a lady friend of mine in an animated manner concerning a gentleman who had rendered himself peculiarly agreeable during the evening. "Before I answer that question, I should like to see him at home," said I; if he chanced to be married, I should like to know if, when he jars his wife's feelings, he says, 'Beg pardon' as smilingly and promptly as when he stepped upon yonder lady's dress. How bright that home would be to his wife with one-half the courtesy and forethought he invariably shows to strangers. Allow me to extend my opinion," he blandly remarks to an opponent, whenever a discussion arises in company. "Pshaw! you know no more than a fool about it," he says at his own fireside and to his wife. She ought not to expect anything different she tells herself, from the man of the world to whom she surrendered heart and soul and loved at first sight, as she fondly believed. This hero of her rosy day-dreams gives half his life to money-making the other half to dining out, and he goes forth into society a conqueror. No wonder his wife is not "looking well." She bows her neck to the yoke when she notices how polite he is every place except at home and dashes the hopes of all the marriageable girls of her acquaintance by hinting that men are "gay deceivers." Yet it is perfectly natural for women who are always dropping bouquets or gloves or handkerchief or half losing their opera cloaks, and casting around them such pitiful looks for assistance, to let their most appealing, helpless glances fall on the courteous men who are always smilingly at their beck and call.

Gold Fish.

A mother is often puzzled to know what to get to amuse the children in winter, besides their playthings and toys. If a few little gold fish are procured it will be a great source of pleasure not only to the children, but older ones. If you have not a tank or fish globe, go to your nearest groceryman and buy an open-mouthed candy jar and fill it with pure well water and put in the fish. The water must be changed every morning in cold weather, and in warm weather, twice a day. Care must be taken not to feed them too much, or they will die. A few cracker crumbs twice a week is all they require, and the jar must be washed out every two days to keep them healthy. Take the fish from the jar and wash the latter with soap, and dry it and replace the fish. Do not put stones or shells in when you use the jar, as they injure the fish when the water is poured out. Gold fish will not live in a tank if the water is conveyed to them through a lead pipe. Children love to look at fish and if gold fish cannot be had, get some from the nearest brook.

What Keeps Women Young.

A woman is happy just in proportion as she is content. The sun has a way of changing the spots upon which it shines. Especially is this true of our land, where one is up to-day and down to-morrow, and vice versa. The wisest woman is she who trusts in a to-morrow, but never looks for it. To sit down and wish that this might be, that that would be different, does a woman no good. It does her harm in that it makes her dissatisfied with herself, unpleasant to her friends, and makes her old before her time. Happiness is not always increased in proportion to enlarged success. This may sound like an old saw, and I think it is, but there is a world of wisdom in many an old proverb just the same. Contentment is a wonderful thing to cultivate. There would be fewer premature-old women in the world if it were given more of a trial and it became a more universal quality in womanhood.



LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY
 SKETCHES by OUR
 SPECIAL ARTIST
 FROM "Amy Robsart" AT THE
 Toronto Grand Opera House



JEAN

LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY

Fashions.

"It is not only what suits us, but to what we are suited."—LE PHILOSOPHE
Sous Les Toits.

Address letters relating to this department to Editor "Fashions" Ladies' Pictorial Weekly, etc.

FUR is largely used in the trimming of children's dresses, mantles and jackets. These are in most cases made of plain habit cloth or corduroy. This last material is much employed and is charming with moufflon, gray thibet, beaver or white fox. Black and gray astrachan are also used, but are less dressy. Very expensive furs, such as sable, sealskin, etc., are not used on children's clothing.



CHILD'S CLOAK.

A GREAT many of the fancy woolens with diagonal or chevron stripes are effectively used for the dresses of little girls of ten years and upwards; a useful model for these materials is a costume of green fancy woolen; it is trimmed with velvet in a still darker shade of green. The skirt is mounted in box plaits, and is open in front over a narrow panel of velvet; the open fronts are decorated with a little fancy stitching in silk. The back of the bodice is pleated, and ends in a small open habit basque; the fronts are pleated at the shoulder and crossed from left to right, and end under a folded band of velvet with bows at the back and on the right side. The crossed fronts show a small plastron of velvet, and the deep cuffs are of velvet; the high, straight collar and the fluted frill around the neck and following the opening of the bodice, are of woolen material.

FANCY and speckled cloth is also used largely in the construction of garments for children. For better wear plain cloths are preferred in green, dark blue, brown, gray or fawn; black is also used to a great extent.

A VERY pretty little cloak for a child is made of brown cloth trimmed with astrachan. The fullness is taken in regular pleats at the yoke, and also at the waist. The half-cape and sleeves, which are very full, are also trimmed with astrachan.

A CHARMING dress for a golden-haired little girl is made of the new green velvet, with a yoke and cuffs of lace.

A DAINTY dress for a somewhat older girl is made of gray cloth and embellished with a neat design in braid and an edging of fur.

HATS for little girls are mostly made of light-colored felt, pale gray, pale blue, beige, and fawn being the most popular colors. Cloth in the same shades is also much used, and many hats are made of cloth matching the dress or cloak, and trimmed with plain satin, velvet or striped ribbon. Velvet hats are very little worn by children but in many cases the brim is lined with velvet in a darker shade or a contrasting color. Rather wide brims remain the rule, but they are bent and twisted in various ways, or else when wide and straight in front they are very short, and turned up at the back; the crowns are low and either flat or rounded.



DAINTY DRESS



CHILD'S DRESS.

An Appeal for Simpler Styles.

A mother would like to enlist an army of earnest mothers in a great crusade against the present self-conscious styles of children's dress. It is impossible, when such an undue amount of time and trouble and money is concerned in the clothing of tiny creatures hardly out of infancy, that they should remain simple-minded and thoughtless, as they ought to be, of what they wear. The straining after pictorial effect—as it is misunderstood—the effort to make

plain children pretty, and pretty children prettier, through the effect of their clothes cannot but direct the attention of the little folks to themselves, to their personal appearance, to their physical attractiveness. Instead of cultivating their taste for beautiful things it merely stimulates their vanity, and begets a love of adornment and display most unfortunate and unchild-like. Instead of learning, through their earliest perceptions, that their garments are only customary drapery of civilized life, of which cleanliness, simplicity and fitness are the first and most important requirements, their earliest consciousness is filled with the idea that the effect of what they wear, and not its comfort and convenience, is the really important point. In this day and generation, when the chief ambition of the average human being seems to be to live in the public eye, let us bestir ourselves to prevent the babies from being born "grown up."

A New Evening Bodice.

This is a charming model for an evening gown in amber net with black spots, made up over amber surah, and trimmed with jet passementerie and fringe. It is also charming in black net with tiny yellow crystal beads, and the passementerie in jet and tinted crystal. This is equally effective over black or amber, the latter being naturally brighter, and having a more dressy effect. The corselet or deep belt is of surah, closely covered with passementerie of open design, and this fastens in front. The surah bodice lining is cut with very few seams, and does not reach quite to the waist, and the net is gathered on in *bebe* fashion. If transparent sleeves are desired, the lining should be of plain net in the same color as the surah, and must fit closely to the arm. The outer net is put on very full, and sets high on the shoulder.



A NEW EVENING BODICE.

WOMEN of very good taste, and who understand the art of dressing well, object to the heavy pattern black veils that are now in vogue, because they tend to make the skin look so pale. One clever woman claims that they are immoral, because they encourage the using of rouge. If this is so, certainly too much cannot be said against them; and yet, for traveling, or when one really wishes one's face muffled up, there is no veil quite so convenient because they are light and cool, and at the same time will, if properly arranged, thoroughly conceal the face.

SPANGLES are used on everything; on gowns, on bonnets, on all the little belongings possible, and, especially on fans. The prettiest of fans are of gauze with very large spangles of steel or gold upon them, and then dragon flies or butterflies formed of spangles. Being on the outer sticks the effect is very sparkling, and, as a matter of course, tends to brighten the entire toilette.

A HAT that is just now very popular in England, and which will undoubtedly obtain here, is of fine black straw with a somewhat low, square crown and a rolling brim, that is, a brim after the fashion of the English walking hat. The only trimming is a broad band of white satin ribbon quite the height of the crown; it is drawn around smoothly, and the two ends lap over each other just in front, a long, slender buckle seeming to fasten it. Somewhat severe in shape, these hats will only be becoming to women who do not need to show their bangs to soften their faces. The light, rough cloth storm coats that are so useful for spring wear, invariably have deep capes lined either with bright scarlet or some bright plaid silk.

THE favorite sleeve links worn by those who like the shirts of white silk with deep, straight cuffs, are of gold, enameled to look like pique. The shirt buttons are round, flat ones, matching these. With the shirts are worn the jaunty cloth jackets that flare away from the front, permitting the silk garment to show to advantage. Women who do not care for the very masculine-looking linen shirt are pleased with the silk ones, because they have such a womanly air.

EVERYBODY is a little tired of the tufts and aigrettes so that the new decorations for the hair is much appreciated. It is a small crescent, beautifully made of tiny curled feathers, and is worn after the fashion of a crown.

Evening Dress.

In soft subdued shades of heliotrope, dove color and vieux rose. The corsage, cut in V shape, is turned back with a full frill of Point de Venice lace. A wide sash of moss-green velvet, finished with long ends at the back, gives a touch of elegance to this dainty toilette.



EVENING DRESS.

WOMEN have found the jersey too popular to permit of its disappearance. The latest style is of striped stockinette in black and white, the black stripes being longer than the white, and in this way achieving a turret outline about the edge. The sleeves are of the black, and have cuffs of white set in at the wrist. The high collar is of black, and the belt is of black ribbon with a white pearl clasp just in front.

THE foot trimming, which has been so popular on the winter skirts, will be seen on those intended for spring and summer wear. Of course lighter decorations will be chosen, and the lace frills will be looped with ribbons and gay rosettes, while for evening wear some of the marvellous artificial flowers will do this duty. The stiff, small pink and yellow roses will have special favor given them, as their size permits their being used as an outlining for the bodice, both at the neck and the waist.



COSTUME FOR BRIDESMAIDS.

Handiwork.

"The lily may grow, but man must fret and toil and spin."—DRUMMOND.

Any question of general interest regarding home decoration will be answered in this column. Any suggestions, contributions or letters from those interested in this department will be welcomed.—Ed.

Nursery Basket.

Wickerwork, covered with cream-colored linen, and embroidered with blue and red ingrain cottons.



NURSERY BASKET.

Fireplace Screens.

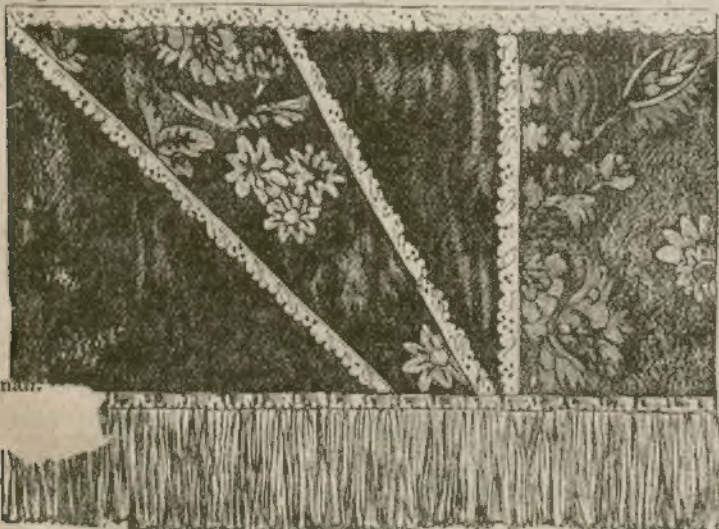
In the country house, especially, a little taste will make a small amount go a great way; and a piece of red matting painted with daisies or water plants, or wild roses, is a pretty fireplace screen. The ends, of course, are to be carefully bound. If there should be no artist in the family pretty floral designs from wall-paper, neatly cut out and pasted on, will be found quite effective.

For the impecunious person who has no capital, perhaps, except some old Japanese fans that seem indigenous to almost every house, there is another device. Let her get a piece of very thin board, or stout pasteboard, cut of a size that will just fit in over every trace of where the fire or the stove has been, then cover it with cambric, muslin, or with Turkey-twill. The stock of gay fans must then be looked over, and the torn ones carefully mended by bringing the edges together and pasting thin paper underneath, boldly substituting a flower or bit of color taken from something else where a piece has been torn out, and touching up generally with a little paint and gilding should they be at hand; then fasten to the red-covered board with small nails, lapping one fan over the other, and placing the prettiest ones in the middle. The result will be really handsome and unique on a very small expenditure of either money or time.

Another screen may be made of a kind of crazy patchwork with considerable method in its madness. The idea is to imitate stained glass; and on a foundation of strong unbleached sheeting a vase or bowl holding a blossoming plant should first be traced—a lily, rose, or sunflower being best adapted to the purpose—and the outlined spaces are then to be covered with bits of silk of the right colors carefully stitched down and the stalks worked in stemstitch. The ground can be filled in with mosaic bits of silk, and the piece then mounted on a board. If neatly and tastefully done this screen is quite an elegant affair.

Sofa Back.

Foundation of stout upholsterer's canvas, covered with irregular triangles of moss-green plush and bands of figured silks, outlined



SOFA BACK.

with vandyked galon, and finished off with a deep gold fringe. The back is lined with pale blue satin.

TO MAKE A RUSTIC SCREEN.—Take two crooked saplings, forked at the top, and paint them brown to imitate decayed wood. Between them arrange a screen panel, which can be kept in place with thongs of grass like the reeds out of Chinese matting. To keep the saplings in place, fix a bar of wood at the bottom, between them. For decoration, work a cobweb between the forked branches on top, in which place the figure of a spider. Other figures, such as snakes, owls and crabs, obtainable at any Japanese store, can also be utilized. The whole forms a quaint and effective ornament.

A FOOT REST.—Take a strip of inch-board, as large as you wish the foot rest; say fourteen by seven inches. Make a sack same size, stuffing it with flax straw or furniture stuffing. Lay this on the board, stretching the cover, which may be of plush, silk crazy work, or anything suitable, over it, tacking on under side. The four legs are harness hooks, gilded, bronzed or painted. These hooks are similar to clothes hooks, only larger. Furniture braid around the edge and tiny chenille balls hanging down complete this little affair.

Perpetual Calendar.

In ruby plush, embroidered with cats in sky-blue and silver-grey silks. Blue-corded ribbon, tipped with gimp or jet balls. Cordeliere with loops at the angles, and tassels in silver mixed with silk.

WALL LETTER RACK.—White wood, decorated with flowers in Vernis Martin. Marguerites in nickel



PERPETUAL CALENDAR; WALL LETTER RACK; SLEIGH VIDE POCHE; X-SHAPED PAPER STAND.

silver] arranged in a line in the centre at the back of which are placed notes, bills, &c.

SLEIGH VIDE-POCHE.—Plain wood, embellished with Vernis Martin delineating pink eglantine. The inside is padded with coral silk. Mounting in silk bronze.

X-SHAPED PAPER STAND.—Flax-grey plush, embroidered with silver thread and pink silk. Lining of sky-blue Surah.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Use for Scrap Pictures.

A pretty screen or a table may be made for a nursery by ornamenting either with your pictures artistically arranged. Cover a net two-fold on three-fold frame with stout muslin, tacking it neatly to each fold by means of small gimp tacks. Then paste smoothly and firmly to this ingrain or cartridge wall paper of some pleasing color, say terra-cotta or a soft greenish blue. Do not lay it on too smooth, as it will contract when it dries and split; lay it on so as to show a little wrinkling, not much. Make pretty groups with your pictures, putting them on the cartridge paper, after it is well dried, with good mucilage. If you have suitable pictures cut the figures out of the cards and pictures and make a pretty top and bottom border with them. If you exercise taste you will have a pretty screen. Paint the screen frame a jet black before mounting the muslin and paper on it. Another use for cut-out figures of this kind is to take a round-topped table, sand-paper it smoothly, and paint it jet black with carriage gloss paint or any fine black smooth paint. When dried well, arrange your gayest flower pieces as a border around,

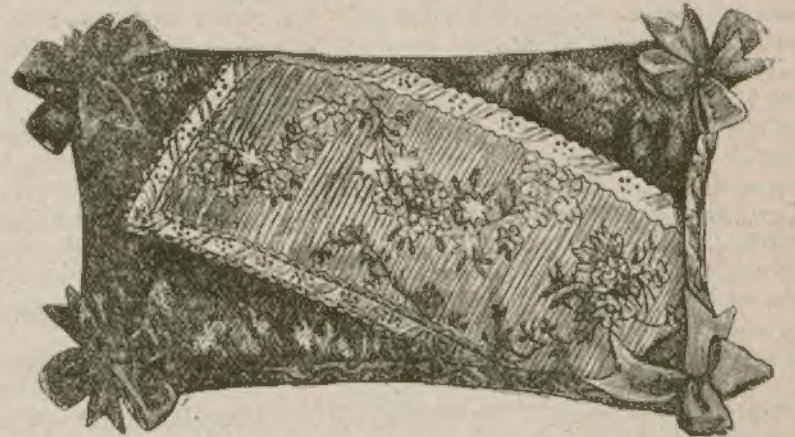
gluing them to the table top, then arrange the others as artistically as possible, and finally coat with good copal varnish.

EMMA BADGETT.

A BOX may be made of paste-board and covered and lined with satin; the sides and ends may be covered—over the satin,—with celluloid laced together with baby ribbon. The celluloid may be painted or pretty lead pencil sketches made upon the unglazed side. Cover the sketches with white varnish.

Long Cushion.

Pink plush, crossed diagonally with water-green brocade, and surrounded with fancy galon. Pink and green butterfly bows at the corners. Pinksatin lining.



LONG CUSHION.

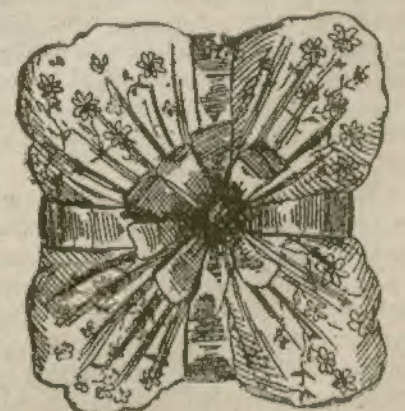
Hints for Doilies.

Doilies made to match the lunch cloth would be very pretty. A narrow hem and two narrow bands of drawnwork, with feather stitching done in pointed lines, will make the appropriate edge, and the space within may be occupied by an initial or left plain.

A set of doilies containing allusions to the months, both in text and flowers, will be a charming remembrance for an artistic friend when the gift season comes, as come it will, long before we are ready for it, if we long ago began our preparations. The little linen doilies with hem stitched edge can be bought so cheaply that it is not worth while to make them. Draw upon each one of the set a flower or flowers appropriate to a certain month, and write a motto to be worked in outline stitch with black silk. A pretty sentiment for one, "September waves her golden rod." On one side of the doily is a beautifully worked spray of golden rod done with yellow silk in French knots. On another one the flowers are roses, the motto, "Sweetest roses welcome June." Some other sentiments which may be accompanied by suggestive flowers are:—"The violet hides from March's rough caress." "Our vine-wreathed king, October." "Poppies bloom in the field in fair July." "Hips and haws in bleak November." "September's child, the meadow-bell." "The stately foxglove August's love." "The satin holly of December." "The gracious pine not even January's blast can strip." "The lichen soft is February's wintry smile." "Fruition's promise comes in May." "November's frost lays bare the nuts." "Anemone, sweet April's lady." In working the quotations emphasis is given to the name of the month by working it in a color, while the remainder of the lettering is done with black.

Eiderdown Pillow.

There is no more acceptable present than a large eiderdown pillow. Like many another good thing one can't have too many of them. A pretty way of making one which is also a novelty is to shape the bag for the down rather large, and then cover it with a bag which is a good deal larger. Sew two bands of ribbon cross-ways around the cushion rather tightly, finishing with a full bow, and afterwards pull the fullness into each corner. The silk in the example given had pink wild roses with green leaves, and the



EIDERDOWN PILLOW.

ribbons were of pink satin with a generous bow composed of loops and ends of light green and pink.

Cosy Corner Chats With Our Girls.

"My wish . . . that womankind had but one rosy mouth, to kiss them all at once from north to south."

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies Pictorial Weekly, etc.)

THERE is one thing I like about French folks, they are demonstrative. Do you know girls, that some people go through the world like sealed gem jars. You can see that they are full of goodness, but they keep it all in. No pretty words nor little pats and kisses and smiles. No, they are sealed up! Now, Maria, my French cousin, is not this kind; she writes me this week, such a dear little letter, and I have another letter from a new cousin, who says "I wish I knew our French cousin, Maria." There! Maria, you have made another English friend. If you will write to "Susie" who lives about half way from here to you, and enclose your letter to me, I will send it on to her. "Susie" is not as old as you, Maria, but she is very fond of French, and would enjoy a French letter from you. Certainly I shall send you word, if I pass your way, and we will have a fine chat together. If I could only go to see all you dear girls, what a traveller I should be! And so you have the Grippe, Maria? poor child! I have escaped it, but I can feel real sorry for you all the same.

MARIA wants to know if I like painting? It is so long since the young days when I gave hours and hours to it, that I have laid the liking by, dear. One cannot be a busy newspaper woman and indulge in the fine arts at the same time. By the time your Cousin Ruth gets her work done, she is generally too lazy to even hold a paint brush. But I am fond of other people's paintings, and you can do me a little picture of your home, when summer comes, Maria, that I may see the cage, if not the bird. And so you have been to New York too, and so lately! Ah, Maria, how I should have loved to take you to some Art rooms I know of, but perhaps you found them out yourself. How sweet of your mother and sister to send love to me. Please thank them and return a like share from me. I would like you to have seen one painting which I love. It is hanging in the Royal Gallery in Dresden, in a small room by itself and oh! but it is lovely. It is called the "Sistine Madonna," and was painted by Raffaele. I like it the best of any Madonna I ever saw.

YES, Susie, dear child, you were too young to go to the dance! Girls who are studying should not burn their candle at both ends. Stick to your childish and girlish days as long as you can, Susie. They will be gone soon enough. Take time to grow up, don't be in a hurry, forced things aren't healthy. You will see that I have given you a chance to know Maria; how lovely your home must be in [the summer. I have often sailed past those Islands, and noticed the merry summer parties living or picnicing on them. I wonder if you were among them, Susie! About your chances of writing to the Queen, and getting an answer from her, I might say that the Queen does not open her own letters, and she might never see yours at all, let alone answer it. She is a very busy and a very old lady, and so you mustn't be disappointed if your letter never is heard of again.

NOW, Cora, you have just won my heart! What do you think girls, Cousin Cora says she never read a paper so homelike as ours, and she really seems to know us all. And she promises me all those nice things for tea that I asked her to have. I declare, my dear, your letter made me quite hungry, your other request will be attended to this week some time, so you will receive what you wish almost as soon as this letter. Not much room to give you this time Cora, for there are new cousins waiting.

WELL, Eva from Lower Canada, I cannot tell you how to exterminate the little pests, but there are lots of people who can, and I will ask some of them before next week. I think in our hints on the toilette, we have already given some remedies for them. Did you notice? What a comical girl you are, to sign yourself, "yours to a cinder?" I had to laugh at you!

I AM SO sorry, Cousin Esther, that you have had such bad luck, and I will try and see what has caused it. You see, I am as ignorant as you are about the whole matter. We never interfere with each other's work on the paper, and mine is just to chat, with the Cousins. As to the last question you ask, time will doubtless answer it. You will probably come out in your turn. There may be shoals of them ahead of you. You'd be astonished if you could see the numbers that came in. I have never asked how many, but I fancy several hundred. Wont you join my circle as a permanent Cousin, and write again soon? I haven't one yet in your State.

AH, my little Rhea, you don't know how I liked your splendid letter. Away off in Saskatchewan, girls, we have the dearest wee cousin, who has written me the grandest long letter, there is a little of everything in it! This Cousin has been studying and securing a Teachers Certificate, and she says to tell the studying girls who read this column, to be sure and work for a certificate. They are so useful, and it spurs a girl on to have something to work for. Rhea has taught for a year, (she is only eighteen!) and now she is back at school, presumably after a higher certificate. I think, Rhea dear, that your friend probably repeated your words in a way that gave offense. Wait a little and perhaps you may get a chance to explain. You are a dear kind girl and though

you may blunder a little in the way you do good, until you get more experience, don't be discouraged. That dear Granma who used to sit in her cosy corner was not my own Granma, but I loved her very dearly, and when I saw her gentle kind face laid in her coffin, it gave me a heart pain that hurts yet! You ask if I have a mother? Haven't I? The prettiest little woman with white wavy hair and bright eyes, and such a jolly laugh. But then I don't often see her, for she is in the old home, several hundred miles away. I am going to write up as you ask, next week.

I THINK the girls must all have put their heads together to be good to Cousin Ruth this week. Here comes a cousin from the water-side, girls, who begins herself "a lake-shore-lass." Seventeen and little, she confesses to being, so you need none of you be scared of her because she has a four-barrelled name! You and Rhea are busy on the same class work, lassie, allow me to introduce you to each other, and you are both Canadian girls too, shake hands! About your question, my lass. Unless you take a very great interest in the young man, I should call it a waste of time to correspond. If you are great friends and you think you have a good influence over him, I would advise you to write, one never knows what use a friend can be, but you must be very careful and discreet for University boys are apt to confide the contents of their letters to each other, and rare game they make of them. If he doesn't care for sensible letters, the correspondence will drop away, and you need feel no chagrin. I will find out your Telegraphic Message next week.

And here, last but not least, is the California Cousin again. Glad to see you, dear, and to read your nice long letter. What under the Canopy is "Arking," you puzzling creature? Girls, she wants to know if I ever went "Arking," and says, that if I didn't, I have missed one of the pleasures of life. Now, Frisco, don't be mean, but tell me and the other Cousins what "Arking" is! I don't like to miss any of the pleasures of life, and not one that came in before the flood, for you know, Frisco, Noah went Arking, only I don't believe it could have been pleasant, with all those critters aboard. A cattle ship is always horrid! Girls, this Cousin lives away at the jumping off place out west, in a City so lovely, so far, so wonderful, the place of the Golden Gates, San Francisco. By the way, do you know why it bears that last name? Because, in 1776, two Spanish monks established a mission there, the patron saint of which was St. Francis. Well, California, my girl, and all my other girls, goodbye. Oh, by the way, you ask if I know how to row. Did you ever hear of Ned Hanlan the rower? Well, you just ask him if Cousin Ruth knows how to row or not! I was laughing over that very thing with him last Friday week. I quite yearned over your chum, and you on the estuary, wish I was there too! Bye bye dears.

Your affectionate

COUSIN RUTH.

Practical Information for the Housewife

"Nothing lovelier can be found in woman than to study household good."—MILTON.

All questions regarding this department will be cheerfully answered in this column.—Ed.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

All About Tables.

As we are always willing to accept something new, especially in house-furnishing, I shall try to give our fair readers several ways in which tables may be constructed at a very small outlay.

Procure a board, 18x24 is a very nice size, and nail four round legs to it. Pad the top with cotton and cover with plush to harmonize with the room in which it is to be used.

The next step is to purchase twenty-five or thirty feet of clothes-line rope. Double a length which reaches from the table to the floor, cut and unravel. Take a small wisp, double it and stitch it to a narrow strip of cloth, which is long enough to reach round the table. Take wisp after wisp until your strip is full, then tack round the table. For a heading take rope, tacking it on in diamond design with brass headed tacks. Three rows will be quite sufficient, and the ends can be concealed under the table.

Trim the unravelled rope a few inches from the floor. The legs may be wound with rope or left in the plain wood as fancy dictates.

Another table which will be a reminder of long strolls and leafy dells, and is a good imitation of inlaid work, is made as follows.

Gather leaves, green and at different stages in their autumnal glory, and press, with a moderately hot iron, upon which spermaceti has been rubbed, being done thusly they will retain their tints and not wrinkle as they are apt to do if placed between the leaves of a book.

The table may be oblong or round, and as the writer prefers round we will deal with it accordingly.

Stain it black or cherry. Arrange your leaves in a wreath or two half wreaths, sticking them tightly to the table with glue.

Purchase a half-pint of white varnish. Varnish your table, letting it dry, and continue to varnish it until your leaves are varnished and your table is quite smooth.

A pretty one may be made by using pansies instead of leaves. The varnish brings out the color and if neatly done is quite effective.

Another can be made by using a cheese-box lid and three broom sticks. Secure the sticks in the middle, crossing them; wrap with wire and fasten with screw-nails. Fasten the top on with screws, stain, and when draped with a dainty scarf it is charming, used for holding a card tray or a blooming plant. Tie a bow of ribbon to hide the wire which fastens the legs together.

Still another suggests itself to my mind, not so substantial perhaps, but quite a novelty. Three broom sticks are used, fastened together as just described, and for a top use three plain leaf fans one for each rod. Secure in place by screws. Decorate with bows of ribbon.

Old stands and tables that have subserved their usefulness or those bought at an auction very cheaply, can be made to out-rival the expensive ones in furniture stores, by sand-papering all roughness off and applying two coats of white paint, and touching up with gilt and varnishing.

B. HOLLAND WILSON.

An Ideal Husband.

46 An ideal husband is first of all a thorough christian. He is truthful, affectionate and ambitious. One who is thoughtful of those around him, and a lover of home, music, and children. A man who is not "given to boasting or conceit; he is generous, amiable, ready to lend a helping hand in the kitchen, garden, or sickroom, and a thorough gentleman. Prudent and industrious; leaving good impressions wherever he goes.

47 My ideal husband should be a christian man in his daily living, a loving son, rightly ambitious and diligent in his chosen business; intelligent and well educated; fond of such sport as conduces to health and physical development; and having had experiences in life, such as death, disappointment of cherished hopes, and who bravely and manfully bears the cross, which sooner or later, comes to every one; whose life has been purified and ennobled by suffering.

48 A perfect gentleman comprises my ideal. A noble, high-minded man, who will treat his wife as a loving equal, and trust her as readily with his pocket-book as with his heart or honor. To him she never grows old. Through the wrinkles of time, through the music of years, he sees the face he loved and won. A practical business man, always consulting his wife upon all matters, social or financial. His foremost thought, the comfort and pleasure of his family. His chief aim, to make home a heaven on earth, a fore-taste of the great Hereafter.

49 An ideal husband is one who is religious in the true sense of the word, who is temperate in all things, is upright and honest in his business affairs, is strictly moral, and one who would not stoop to a mean action, who is kind-hearted, loving wife, children and flowers, who respects his wife's parents and all those related to her, who will prefer spending the evenings with his wife in preference to going to the club, who thinks his wife the best, the dearest woman in the world and will cherish and love her till death shall separate them.

50 An ideal husband should be kind to his mother, thoroughly honest, industrious, and a good citizen, neither extravagant or penurious, a good provider, an abstainer from all intoxicating liquors, have a cheerful disposition, not selfish, deceitful, or conceited, and think his wife the dearest treasure on earth; take her to places of amusement, and into society; show her respect at all times. Give her pin money, cheerfully pay her dressmaker and milliner bills, and be surprised that they are so light; he should enjoy the treat of going shopping with his wife; should make the best of a bad matrimonial bargain.

51 My ideal husband is a true christian, a loving husband, and devoted to his family. He should keep nothing secret from his wife; he should not be jealous; he should allow his wife money to defray household expenses. He should never leave home without telling his wife where he was going; he should not sit and read while his wife is doing drudgery work; he should *suit* his wife in every respect. He should not leave work or business undone Saturday to do Sunday, but should spend the day with his family and in the worship of God.

52 An ideal husband must have a healthy body, and be as pure and virtuous as he would wish to find his wife; be industrious and capable of earning a good living, but honorable in all his dealings with his fellow-men. A man of broad sympathies and one who does right because it is *right*, and seeks to better the condition of those around him, who are less fortunate than himself. Must have strong parental love and sound judgment enough to choose a wife in whom he can have perfect confidence, and not simply marry a pretty face, then his heart is all her's.

53 Not handsome, but well formed, medium height, temperate, generous, unselfish, possessing great adaptability, congenial and loving in disposition, ever to be trusted, a surplus of money on hand and willing to assist his wife in any household duty requisite, never out of temper; strict and firm in business matters, severe when need should be, straightforward and conscientious, never allowing business troubles to creep into "Home, Sweet Home." A christian and godly man. Love is a divine gift to man, but few answer to this.

54 An ideal husband must be brave, true, generous, sensible, gentle, kind, clever, well educated, one in whom I can place the most implicit confidence, he must have loved his mother, he must love his mother-in-law for his wife's sake, one whom his wife can look up to, and feel proud of, he must be good to his own children. If he goes to his club he is always home at reasonable time. He can smoke a cigar, but never a pipe; he must never snore when asleep.

In The Play Room.

"Mild or wild we love you, loud or still, child or boy."—SWINBURNE.

(The editor of this department will be pleased to receive letters from young contributors. Contributions such as puzzles, short stories, poems, etc., will be welcomed. Address, Play Room Editor, in care of this paper.)

A Plea for the Boys.

Why can't the boys have their rights as well as other people? A friend (boy) has kindly handed me the following. I give it to you as a plea for the boys:

"I wonder now if any one
In this broad land has heard,
In favor of down-trodden boys,
One solitary word?
We hear enough of "Woman's rights,"
And "rights of working men,"
Of "equal rights" and "nation's rights,"
But pray just tell us when
Boy's rights were ever spoken of?
Why, we've become so used
To being snubbed by every one,
And slighted and abused;
That when one is polite to us,
We open wide our eyes,
And stretch them in astonishment
To nearly twice their size!
Boys seldom dare to ask their friends
To venture in the house;
It don't come natural at all
To creep round like a mouse.
And if we should forget ourselves,
And make a little noise,
Then ma or aunty, sure would say,
"Oh, my! those dreadful boys!"
The girls bang on the piano
In peace, but if the boys
Attempt a tune with fife or drum,
It's "stop that horrid noise!"
"That horrid noise!" just think of it!
When sister never fails
To make a noise three times as bad
With everlasting "scales."
Insulted thus we lose no time
In beating a retreat;
So off we go to romp and tear,
And scamper in the street.
No wonder that so many boys
Such wicked men become;
'Twere better far to let them have
Their games and plays at home.
Perhaps that text the teacher quotes
Sometimes—"Train up a child"—
Means only train the little girls,
And let the boys run wild,
But patience and the time shall come,
When we will all be men;
And when it does, I rather think,
Wrongs will be righted then.

Answers to Puzzles.

(From Last Issue.)

No. 1.—

Sam sold 7 rabbits @ 7 for \$1.00	\$ 1 00
" " 3 " @ the rate of 1 for \$3.00	9 00
10 rabbits	\$10 00
Jim sold 28 rabbits @ 7 for \$1.00	\$ 4 00
" " 2 " @ the rate of 1 for \$3.00	6 00
30 rabbits	\$10 00
Jno. sold 49 rabbits @ 7 for \$1.00	\$ 7 00
" " 1 rabbit @ the rate of 1 for \$3.00	3 00
50 rabbits	\$10 00
Total 90 rabbits.	

2 14 cats.

3 The Road.

Puzzles.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

1. A town in South America.
2. A province in Ireland.
3. A country in Europe.
4. A river in Turkey in Asia.
5. A lake in Africa.
6. A town in Spain.
7. One of the Hebrides.
8. An island of Greece.
9. A sea-port of Palestine.
10. A group of islands in Scotland.
11. A mountain in New Zealand.
12. A river in Switzerland.
13. A bay in Abyssinia.

My initials read downwards spell the name and title of a good woman.

Diamond Puzzle.

A consonant; a bed; a dwelling-place; an animal; a letter.

Conundrums.

1. If Mr. Roland Hill were to give each of his children half a sovereign, why would he be like the rising sun?

2. Who was the first whistler, and what was his name?
3. Do you call a spider a good correspondent, and why?
4. What trees flourish best upon the hearth?

Double Cross-word Enigma.

You will find us in the "chimney" where the Yule logs flame and roar;
And we are in the "children" who o'er story-books will pore;
Just look for us in "presents" when the holidays draw near;
And in the midst of "visitors" we surely will appear;
We are the mates of "scholars" who go home vacation days;
And we are in a "pantomime" the jolliest of all plays;
Seek for us in pretty "mottos" that we treasure with great care;
And we love to be in "carols" sounded on the midnight air;
Then of all the dainty "suppers" we must surely have a share.
A holy day and holiday you first must call to mind,
And then a decorative plant I'll leave you all to find.

Little Forgetfulness.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—Gather around me while I tell you a story about a little girl who always forgot what she ought to remember.

Mabel Bell was a pretty child with long curling hair and dark, laughing eyes, in fact a sweeter child you would seldom find; but she had one great fault and that was—forgetfulness.

In the morning when she awoke everything had to be placed beside her. She would neglect to put her hair in order, her shoes were not fastened unless nurse came to the rescue, and things became so bad her mamma declared she would send her away to school instead of having her taught at home if she were not more careful.

Mabel tried hard to obey but met with as many failures as she had successes. One bright morning her papa and mamma went off to aunt Susan's to spend the day, leaving Mabel at home with nurse to take care of her. A pretty doll which had been given her as a Christmas present she was told not to leave where Rover might get it, because, he like other dogs would be very apt to injure it should he get hold of it. Mabel promised, and her papa and mamma set off to enjoy a day in the country.

They had not been gone long before a loud noise was heard coming from the direction of the library. Polly the maid ran to see what had happened, and a sight not easily forgotten met her eyes.

There lay strewn over the floor the scattered remains of a beautiful alabaster figure of a warrior, clad in a full suit of armour; which had been sent from Italy to Mabel's father as a present.

Polly cried aloud when she saw the ruins; this scream brought nurse and Mabel who were both much astonished. "Oh! this is all my fault" sobbed poor Mabel. "I forgot to shut the door to keep Rover out, I promised papa I would be so careful, too, while he was away," and the child her heart almost breaking went out into the garden to cry over the effects of her disobedience.

Well, luncheon passed quietly enough, and Mabel put on her hat to have a romp with Rover in the garden; she was passing from the shrubbery to the lawn beyond when she met Tom the under gardener, in a great hurry hastening towards the house. Mabel wondered what had happened and followed, reaching the greenhouse door in time to hear Tom explain to the gardener to "come quickly! some one has left the gate open, the horses from the road-way have come in and are destroying all the bushes in the rosery, mistress' finest trees have already been trampled to the ground." Mabel hurried away, any place would be better than there she thought. "Ah! what will become of me? What shall I do?" she moaned to herself.

An hour later nurse found her sitting down by the little Lake at the foot of the hill weeping, with her eyes and cheeks swollen and presenting a picture of misery.

"Why what is the matter, child?" exclaimed nurse, although she well knew without asking, because the story of the ruined rosery had long before reached her ears. "I do not know what papa and mamma will say when they come home and find how naughty I have been, nurse," said Mabel. "You know how angry mamma will be about her roses, and papa about his statue, but I could not help it—I forgot." Well, dear children, these were not all the misfortunes which happened in a single day, for no sooner had Mabel returned to the house than she found her doll lying on the veranda with its head gone, one arm broken, its pretty dress torn to pieces, (which had been given to her by aunt Susan) Rover had been playing with it. So you see, not only something belonging to her papa and mamma had been destroyed but her own pretty doll as well. After tea her mamma came home. "Where is Mabel?" were almost the first words she uttered. But Mabel was not to be found, no; she, ashamed and sorry for the effects of her carelessness, had gone to hide where no one could find her. At last bedtime drew near and she crept into her little cot, but not to sleep, she had been naughty and knew it, her conscience troubled her, so she redressed herself and went to seek her mamma and tell her all about the unhappy day she had spent in her mamma's absence, promising to remember the lesson she had learned.

Dear children, I do not think she forgot again, when she found how deeply her parents were distressed by her carelessness; putting her little arms around their necks, giving them her word that—in the future she would always remember to do her duty.

From our NEW FIDELITY.

Maude and Carlo.

DEAR PLAYROOM EDITOR:—I am a little girl eleven years old, and would like to write you some letters, since you have asked your little contributors to send you some, I am going to try to do so among the others.

I like your little stories, mamma reads them to us in the evenings, and they are so pretty, write us lots more we all look for them.

Uncle Richard gave me a pretty dog and we call him Carlo, he has such a nice coat, and he is big enough to draw us in a sleigh: We tie him in our little cart, and in the summer time he will ride us all over the park, we shall have a jolly time then.

Mamma is going away to the city to stay two weeks, and we are to be left in the care of old Martha, our coloured nurse; she is good to us, so we will not miss mamma so very much, because Martha lets us do what we want to, and mamma does not.

My brother Willie and I are going away to-morrow to spend the day at an old farmer's; and papa has allowed us to take Carlo with us.

I will write and tell you all about our visit to the farmer in my next letter, so you may look for another from me soon.

Good-bye,

Your little friend

MAUDE.

Mothers' Corner.

"May perpetual youth keep dry their eyes from tears."—TENNYSON

The Children's Eyes.

The constantly increasing near-sightedness among school children, and the very general need and use of glasses, ought to suggest to us whether or not we are sufficiently careful of the conditions affecting the eyes of the young. Do we see to it that the books they read and those they study are of a clear and large type, requiring no straining or forcing of the vision; and do we encourage a large and open script for their handwriting? Do we see to it that our schoolhouses are built with a view to the falling of the light in the right way for the children's safety? Do we have the lights at home so regulated that no blaze shall produce blindness and no dimness make sight difficult? Do we make sure that the child holds his book at the distance which gives a correct focus, that he holds his body properly in relation to his book or work, that he looks off frequently, thus changing the character of the demand on the eye, and that he is not allowed to continue long in any effort requiring the too intent use of his eyes? Do we keep ourselves on the lookout, too, for the first indication of feebleness or strain, in order that artificial aids may be resorted to in season to prevent any positive evil?

That precaution in all these directions is wise is evident from the fact, if we look for it, that in those living what might be called the natural life—that is, without books or fine work—there is very little trouble with the eyes where the conditions of good bodily health otherwise are maintained. Of course, where there are unclean methods of life, like those in crowded Oriental cities, ophthalmia of various degrees is to be expected; but the free roamer of the desert, the dweller of the forest, the sailor on the seas, they who oxygenate the blood in constant currents of fresh air, and live wild lives that train the eyesight upon far distances, have little or no trouble with that eyesight. The eyeless fish of dark underground lakes are a perpetual example of the atrophy that takes place through the non-use of an organ; but just as fatal an atrophy can result from its over-use—that is, from undue strain and effort—and too much attention cannot be given to the prevention of such possibilities.

We may hate to put glasses on the fair, free faces of children, but their future comfort is of more importance than the pride of our eyes in them; and it may be a burden to give the constant oversight that the prevention requires in other directions, but as we chose to assume that burden in the beginning, we have no right to shirk one of its responsibilities, and there is none of the physical responsibilities of more weight than the care of their eyes.

Proper Use of Milk for Children.

"Milk is so especially adapted for children's needs by beneficent nature that every effort should be made to induce it to assimilate in those cases where it does not seem to agree naturally," said the family doctor. "I have never yet found a child who could not be made to drink milk with advantage, and in cases of wasting diseases it is invaluable, often saving a patient's life. How important it is, therefore, that the right way of administering milk to those with whom it apparently does not agree should be tested while the children are well and able to bear the experiment. There are many ways in which it may be made to assimilate. The simplest way is to add a couple of teaspoonfuls of lime water to each glass of milk. If this does not succeed, make the child sip it slowly, eating bits of raw cracker meanwhile. This I have found an excellent way. Another is to heat the milk very hot—not boil it, as that gives a disagreeable taste. This is the best way yet for delicate people, and although a child may not like it at first, they will soon grow fond of it. Bribe them to take it if necessary, but do not force them.

"If all other methods fail, cooked milk, in the shape of gruels, etc., may be resorted to but the plain milk is the best. Of course there are digesters, such as preparations of pepsin and other medicines that may be given afterwards to assist digestion; but I always prefer to make the stomach do its own work, if possible. It is very apt to turn lazy if assisted too much, and to refuse to act independently."

Culinary.

"Man is a carnivorous production and must have meals."—BYRON.

TEA CAKE.—1 lb. of butter, 1 lb. of flour, and 1/2 lb. of caster sugar, 2 oz. of candied peel finely shred, mix a quarter of a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in a little less than half a gill of milk; pour this into the flour, sugar, and butter; drop in gradually the yolks of four and the whites of two well beaten eggs; stir grease a tin, put the mixture on it in small lumps, and bake them in a brisk oven.

SHORTBREAD.—The crowning triumph of Scotch baking is shortbread. For this take 3/4 lb. of butter and 3 1/2 oz. of caster sugar, put them on a bakingboard and knead the sugar into the butter. It must be understood that there is plenty of hard kneading required in the making of shortbread, and in that lies the secret of the success of the recipe. To the butter and sugar work in slowly 1 1/2 lb. of flour, in which has been mixed one teaspoonful of baking powder; work to a pretty stiff dough, and do not be afraid if it looks as if it would never keep together; it will with patience. Take a piece of the paste, about a sixth part, and work it slowly on the board till it is about the thickness of two pennies, taking care to keep the edges from cracking. Slip a sheet of paper under the cake, and put it carefully into a moderate oven, and bake slowly to a pale brown. Do all the remaining paste in the same manner. When baked take it out and while hot, dust it thickly over with caster sugar. This quantity will make six cakes, but if made smaller at first, it will perhaps be found easier to handle, making, say, nine cakes in all. This is such an excellent recipe that, despite the trouble and hard kneading, it will repay trial.

SEED CAKE.—Beat 1 lb. of butter and 1 lb. of sugar to a cream, add twelve eggs, one at a time, beating each egg into the mixture very thoroughly; then mix in gently 1 lb. sifted and dried flour 1/2 lb. of orange peel, 1 lb. of citron peel, and 1/2 lb. of blanched almonds. These three latter ingredients should be cut into small pieces previously. Stir as little as possible. Bake two hours in a moderate oven.

CURRANT BUN.—This cake, like the shortbread, is truly a Scotch cake, and few families north of the Tweed are without their old-fashioned "currant bun" at Christmas time. Put into a basin one and a half breakfastcupfuls of flour, 1/4 lb. of butter, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, and add just water enough to mix all into a fine paste and roll into a thin sheet; grease a tin, and line sides and bottom neatly with the paste, leaving enough to make a cover for the top after the fruit has been put in. Clean and pick 2 lb. of currants, stone 2 lb. of sultana raisins, and put these into a basin; add 1/4 lb. of orange peel cut small, the same of almonds blanched and cut in pieces, 1/2 oz. of ground ginger, 1/2 oz. of cinnamon, 1/2 oz. of Jamaica pepper and the same of black pepper, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, 1 lb. of flour, 1/2 lb. of sugar, one breakfastcupful of milk (the milk should barely moisten the mixture), mix all thoroughly. Put the mixture into the lined tin, smooth the top, wet the edges and put on the paste cover, prick the top over with the fork, brush with an egg, and bake in a moderate oven for two hours and a half.

GINGER SNAPS.—Rub up 1/2 lb. of butter with 1 lb. of flour and 1/2 lb. of sugar, 1 oz. of ground ginger, 1 oz. of finely-chopped orange-peel, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; mix all to a paste with golden syrup, roll out very thin, and bake in a moderate oven on greased tins. Care must be taken that they do not burn.

FISH PASTY.—Make a round of good puff paste the size of a large plate; on half of this put a layer of boiled rice which has had two ounces of butter mixed with it and is seasoned with pepper and salt; on the rice put a thick layer of boiled fish, carefully taking out all the bones first. On the fish place hard-boiled eggs chopped small, sprinkle a little pepper and salt over these, fold the other half of the paste over this, pressing the edges well together. Brush over the top with some beaten egg and strew breadcrumbs over it, then bake it till it is a good brown color. *Koolibiaka* is a favorite luncheon dish, and may be made of raw, salted, or smoked fish as preferred.

PASTY.—Cut up into small pieces two pounds of stewed beef or game. Put a large piece of butter into the stewpan, add a minced onion and the meat, salt, pepper, a few teaspoonfuls of soup, and leave the whole to stew a little. When it is cool again add the whites and yolks of three eggs, and put the whole on the paste, which should be rolled out ready to receive it. Then take half-a-dozen hard-boiled eggs, cut them into small pieces, and place them on the meat. Cover the Pasty, brush it over with the white of egg and bake.

CURD DUMPLINGS.—This is a favorite dish in the North, Centre, and East of Russia, and in the *cuisine* of the middle classes sometimes does duty as roast meat. It is made as follows: Make paste as for Pasty, using butter and eggs, and roll out on the slab or pasteboard. Take some cheese-curd and roll them up into a ball—about the size of a walnut—with some butter and yolk of a hard-boiled egg. Cut out with paste-cutter or tumbler, pieces of dough like small cakes. Into these put the balls of curd, folding the paste well over so that the curd shall not escape; it is better to cement the edges with the white of an egg and press them closely together. Boil them in boiling water till they float on the surface of the water, then take them out, put them on a hot dish, and pour melted butter over them. Serve them with sour cream, of which each person takes as much as pleases his taste.

PASTY WITH CHERRIES.—This dish is as great a favorite in the South of Russia as the Curd Dumplings in the North. The paste is not as rich as that used in making other kindred dishes, though

it is made with eggs like that for the Curd Dumplings. Stone about a pound of cherries, scald them well and strew them with flour and powdered sugar; roll out the paste very thin and cut it into rounds, as for Curd Dumplings, then put some of the cherries on each round and fold the paste over them, cementing the sides well with white of egg and pressing them together, so that the juice of the cherries cannot escape. Plunge the rolls into a saucepan of boiling water, leaving them there until they float on the surface; then take them out, put them on a hot dish, and serve with sour cream and powdered sugar.

CHEESE CAKES.—Take some sour paste, roll it out thin, and cut it into round pieces the size of a penny bun. Put on these a thick layer of cheese curds prepared as follows: To three-quarters of a pound of cheese curds, which have been previously well pressed add the yolks of four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sour cream, and one tablespoonful of sugar, and pound them up together. Having put on each round paste some of this mixture, cover it with more paste, cementing the edges firmly together, and put them into the oven for about half an hour when the cheese cake will be ready.

RUSSIAN PANCAKES.—Take equal portions of flour, and buckwheat flour or oatmeal, and mix them into a light paste with yeast and lukewarm milk and water. Put the paste in a warm place to rise, and when it has risen add to it two or three beaten eggs; mix the whole together thoroughly well and let it rise again. The paste must not be very stiff. Make it into pancakes about half an inch thick and fry them. They are served with butter and caviare and are universally eaten during Lent.

RASPBERRY PUDDING.—Put a pound of fresh or bottled raspberries into a small pie dish and let them stand in the oven until they are quite hot, when they must be taken out. Beat up a tea-cupful of good, thick, sour cream with two eggs, one tablespoonful of flour and one spoonful of white moist sugar. When this is all well beaten together, pour it over the raspberries and bake the pudding in a very slow oven till it is firm. It should be of a light brown color.

KISSEL.—Boil together one pint of Russian cranberry juice and one pint water; mix two tablespoonfuls of potato flour in a little water, and when it is quite smooth, pour the boiling cranberry juice upon it. Mix it well and boil a little more. This is eaten with cream and sugar.

APPLE GINGER.—Boil two pounds of loaf sugar in a pint and a half of water; skim it well, and add a teaspoonful of ground ginger; pare, core, and divide two pounds of apples; put them into a large saucepan or boiler with the syrup, and boil till clear; lay them on a dish, and pour the syrup into a jar; then, when cold, put in the slices of apple, and tie it over to exclude the air.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLING.—Make a crust as for nice tea biscuit; roll out in circles large enough to enclose an apple. Select juicy apples for the purpose, those not too tart; pare and remove the cores, the pinch then crust closely over each one. Place them on a buttered pan and bake in a moderate oven until upon trial the apples are cooked soft. To be eaten with butter and sugar rubbed to a cream and flavored with nutmeg or lemon, or with a rich hot sauce, or with sweetened cream, as preferred.

Prof. Wickle's Prize Graphological Examination.

Special Notice.

The Ideal Wife Prize Examination closed on Dec. 15th. We shall continue to publish in this column the delineation of the different specimens of handwriting sent in for the Prize Competition until they have been completed. We will then publish the decision with the numbers to which the different prizes were awarded. No more specimens of handwriting will be delineated for this Examination. It will be useless for subscribers to forward them, as Competition closed, as above stated, on Dec. 15th, and we shall simply continue to publish those which were received on or before that date.

Delineations.

433 This lady is clever and observant, full of life and energy; rather fond of fun, and of planning and building castles in the air. She loves company, and is somewhat confiding, has good imagination, ambition, wit and temper. Is sometimes a little too careful of details, but on the whole is a most admirable, generous and consistent character. She lacks originality, but only copies the best she sees; hope is her watchword, and truth and honesty her strong points.

434 This is a thoroughly womanly woman, she has some hope, some love of fun, rather a liking for her own way, and an idea that she is pretty sure to be right. She is able to adapt herself cheerfully to circumstances, even when adverse; and has perseverance, order, some refinement, and is careful. She likes praise, would stand a good deal of humming, is fond of soft corners, is constant and true in her affections, and were she imposed upon, could give the enemy a very thorough setting down.

435 This is rather a difficult study, the writer seems to be both weak and strong. Some lines breathe decision and others indecision. The lady is hopeful, energetic, and would never give in when she undertook a project, she is fond of her own, self-sacrificing, rather reserved than confiding, careful and conscientious, emotional, slow to change her opinions, which she makes up her mind to deliberately. There is a vein of despondency (which may result from ill-health) running through her writing, though she is naturally bright and optimistic. An interesting person as it appears.

436 This lady is ambitious, mirthful and amiable. She has taste and loves pretty things, enjoys a good time, is fond of company, easy in manner, prudent and witty. Culture is lacking, but abundant ability is shown, some curiosity, and affections controlled but strong. She is anxious to succeed, and careful in effort.

437 This is a clever, large-hearted, tactful and earnest woman, her aims are high and her ideals lofty, her judgment is rather biased by her affections, but she tries to be true and just in all things; very refined and gentle in manner, hopeful, and not devoid of wit, a little impulsive, fond of all things beautiful and artistic. She is orderly, truthful, prudent, and would be a wife to respect as well as love.

438 This lady has very refined and sensitive feelings, with a sort of a playful and humorous nature, she is easily depressed, and is easily cheered. Her taste is excellent, and her heart warm and sympathetic, she has courage to face the world, but not rude enough strength to stand many hard knocks. She likes novelty, is fond of society, should have a rich husband, who could indulge her tastes and keep her from care and worry, a sort of a hot-house plant is this dainty creature, but very charming and sure to win much love and admiration.

439 This study shows a sincere and rather serious nature, not apt at *finesse* or management, a little careless of appearances, a little faulty in judgment, but so honest and true that she will never go far astray. She is fond of comfort, attached to her home circle, and though her taste is not highly cultured, it is pure and rather elevated. She is prone to caprice in some things, rather hard on wrongdoers, saving of her words and goods, no doubt would make an estimable wife.

Correspondence.

The correspondence columns are open to all readers of the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY. Questions relating to fashions, etiquette, literature or any subject of interest to our readers can be sent in for reply. Address correspondence editor in care of this paper.

PICTORIAL READER.—Address Donald C. Kidout, King St., East, Toronto. Enclose stamp for reply, and ask for information on Patents. There is no other place to direct you to.

M. SMITH.—Your letter, first bitter, then sweet, has been handed to me by the Business Editor. No doubt there was a mistake, as it isn't likely such a stirring subject could be misread by the delineator. I will inquire into it for you. Cousin Ruth says to give you her best thanks. She feels grateful for your words, and hopes you will find time to send her a line sometimes. Married girls are allowed into her Cosy Corner. We are glad the kettle pleased you, and hope you will get another prize. Some of them are just beautiful.

BEATRIX.—How can I tell you if it's wrong to go to the theatre unless I know what you're going to see, and what sort of a girl you are? It don't injure me, though it might hurt you! Some plays would do me harm, but I don't go to see them—for instance, I don't go to see Sara Bernhardt, not because she doesn't act grandly, but because I can't bear to look at her, clever as she is, she is so bad. Just satisfy yourself whether the theatre does good or harm, and act accordingly. Each one should judge for themselves, when they are grown into men and women.

LARRY DOOLAN.—I wouldn't risk it, if I were you, my boy. It only rouses party feeling and leads to strife and bitterness. I've peaceably and never stir up unpleasantness.

LIL.—There are several places where you can leave work to be sold. I have given addresses before. If you are too poor to pay a fee to belong to the Depository, find out the name of the Lady Patronesses, and ask them to get you in. That is one of their privileges.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—The Boys' Home, on George street, will take your son in, and get him into a place in the country. They will look after him until he is eighteen. All this, of course, subject to their rules. You can go to the Home on Monday at ten o'clock and state your case.

LAND'S END.—You can take passage from this city to England, and if you go by Montreal your baggage will not have to be searched anywhere. Consult advertising columns for names of agents, to whom you must apply for your tickets, berths, &c. You can have one small steamer trunk in your stateroom. Your question shows your ignorance of the accommodation on the ocean steamers. If you put a Saratoga in one of the ordinary-sized staterooms, you and your two room-mates could not get in yourselves. A steamer trunk is a solid flat valise, which you can slip under the lower berth, out of the way. They are made specially and cost about \$15.

ENDYMION.—Send your poem, neatly written, or better still typewritten, and with it a little note, notifying the Editor that you submit the poem, and asking him to return it if not available. If you enclose a stamped envelope, he will do so. About the pay, most papers have a rate, but if you like, you can put your price on it. Don't be offended if they tell you it isn't worth it. It may not be to them. The subject is new, comparatively, and ought to work up well.

SCOTCH LASSIE JEAN.—I am glad your answer helped you in your dilemma. Don't be afraid to ask any questions you need answered. I am here to attend to them.

CHARITY.—You had better address your donation to the treasurer of the institution you wish to benefit, and ask for an acknowledgment that you may know he or she received it. The institutions are all so well known in Toronto that you need not address further than Treasurer—Home, Toronto, they will get it all right. Don't send it anonymously, but if you don't wish your name made public, request that the donation be entered as from a "friend" or "well-wisher."

NAUGHTY NAN.—1. For your spring suit get one of these new tweeds, and have it made Princess. A box-back coat is newer than a Russian cloak for a wrap. It is not either graceful, becoming nor pretty, but it is *la mode*. An Easter suit of cream or light fawn tweed, with small hat trimmed with brown velvet and cow-slips would be nice, or a gray or mixed tweed, with a green and gray bonnet trimmed with snowdrops. There are sweet speckled tweeds that show flecks of green among the gray (or of any other bright color), which should have a hat to match the flecks. Grey suede or glaze kid gloves, and grey gaiters go with this delicious costume.

BLACKAMOR.—If you are so dark, wear bright ties, and you might wear a velveteen or corduroy coat of rich brown. Study your coloring and style, and dress up to it, but don't be flashy. I am sure a white yachting suit would be vastly becoming for the carnival, or you can go as Murillo's Italian boy—wide hat, knee breeches and long gaiters, red shirt, open at the throat, and velvet jacket. As you have no moustache and are "extremely good-looking," you might become this pretty suit. No, I did not think you an ass, because you said you were handsome. Your letter read very sensibly and I was curious enough to satisfy myself by taking a look at the photo in the window. You are certainly a good-looking lad.

The Sunflower.

The common tall sunflower is said to have derived its name from its resemblance to the radiant beams of the sun. This flower is turned to many economic uses. It furnishes the finest honey and wax. When the seed is crushed as linseed is it will produce the finest oil in larger quantities in proportion to any other seed for the table as well as the painter, particularly in mixing green and blue paints. The cake is superior to linseed for fattening cattle; the oil makes most excellent soap, very softening to the hands and face, and better than any other for shaving. Sheep, pigs, pigeons, rabbits and poultry of all sorts will fatten rapidly upon the seed, pheasants in particular, becoming much glossier in plumage and plumper in body. And when shelled and ground it makes the finest kind of flour for bread, especially tea cakes.

Domestic Vindication of the Abused American Pie.

A certain mother, who had been seized with the Anglomaniac fever, endeavored to keep house on strict English theories. Certain American dishes were never to come upon her table, and on the banished list were pies, "pizen things," as they were by her then considered. This rigorous exclusion of the national dish, which is universally considered one of the corner-stones of the Constitution of the United States, resulted in a little rebellion right in her own family; for her children as they grew older, realized that they were being deprived of their "inalienable rights," and not wishing to grow up and become deficient and incompetent citizens, simply from a lack of pie, demanded its restoration, so that American pie finally reappeared on that Anglomaniac table, at first by way of compromise, under the name of "tarts." The mistress, realizing that pie neither affected the health nor the social standing of the family, now permitted pies to appear in their native loveliness, and the children rejoiced in genuine, unmitigated American pie, including all the varieties of apple, pumpkin, mince, berry, etc. Moreover, in explanation of the surrender, the lady declares that her children all have good clear skins, and that a good pie is just as easily digested as any other dessert, and that the fact of its being wholesome or unwholesome depends, as is the case with most food, on the cooking.

Give the Wife a Vacation.

A man usually works eight, ten or twelve hours a day, as the case may be; but when he is done he is done, the remainder of his time is a holiday. He may do as he chooses, go about, read, sleep, etc., but he has a little of his time from labor. Is this the case with the wife? True, she has not worked all day in the sun, but she has been very busy. His work is now ended for the day. How is it with her? Does her day's work end with his? Not at all. Cares follow her all over the house. The cooking, the baby to attend to, to-morrow's breakfast to look after, stockings to mend for the last of the week or a dress or pants to finish that the children may be able to go to church. All this she does while he sits and smokes or reads the evening paper.

Can't the man arrange for a week's trip for his wife? It will surely be a refreshing change in the life of his hard-working wife, and will be of great benefit not only to the health but to the spirits, and a change from the every-day routine of life that is, as we said, refreshing, and worth, in the long run, all it costs.

A Warning to Women.

"Don't put that money in your mouth!" was the startling ejaculations of an old gentleman to the young lady in the street car yesterday, as the lady placed a coin between her teeth while she closed her purse and put on her glove. She looked up with such a sudden start that the coin dropped down on the car floor, and after the old gentleman had fished it from between the slats and handed it to the blushing girl, he said: "Ten chances to one that money has been in the hands and pockets of thousands of persons. You received it at the grocery, where it had just been paid in by an Italian who purchased some macaroni. The Italian received it from a newsboy whose shoes he mended, and the newsboy got it from a gentleman who bought a paper of him. The



Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

gentleman got it in the cigar store, where he purchased his tobacco, and it was brought to the cigar store by a farm-hand who received it in change when he bought his glass of beer in a neighboring town. The saloonkeeper received it from a tramp, who had lately come from New York and it was given him only a few days before by a charitable lady who received it during her shopping. Thus it travelled and thus coins go day after day—now in respectable society and now in the possession of dirty, filthy people, in all kinds of hands and in all kinds of mouths. They are picked up out of gutters and streets, rolled around on floors, stored in all kinds of boxes and receptacles, handled by everybody, and they are not fit to be held between the teeth of such a pretty lady as you are." But long before the old gentleman had concluded the young lady was wiping her mouth with her handkerchief and had mentally resolved never, never, never to put any more money in her mouth.

Science Befuddled.

Dr. Optycuss—"You are standing at 18 feet. Can you read these letters?"
Patient—"No sir."
Dr. Optycuss—"Approach two feet nearer. Now?"
Patient—"No, sir."
Dr. Optycuss—"Most remarkable case I ever met. Stand four feet away from the chart. Can you read now?"
Patient—"No, sir."
Dr. Optycuss—"Great Pisistratus! am I mad? Young man, you are the most remarkable case that has ever come to my experience. You conquer me. You can know more about yourself than I do. Have you any idea why you can't read these letters?"
Patient—"Perhaps because I never learned to read."



DR. LaROE'S COTTON ROOT PILLS.

Safe and absolutely pure, the most powerful Female Regulator known. The only safe sure and reliable pill for sale. Ladies ask your druggist for LaRoe's Star and Crescent Brand. Take no other kind. Guaranteed to relieve suppressed menstruations. Sold by all reliable Druggists, or Postpaid on receipt of price. American Pill Company, Detroit, Michigan.

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HEINTZMAN & CO.

PIANO FORTE
MANUFACTURERS.

OFFICE & WAREHOUSES 117 KING ST. WEST.
FACTORY: TORONTO JUNCTION.

Toronto Feb 2nd, 1892.

To Whom It May Concern:-

This is to certify that we have this day contracted with the publishers of the "Ladies' Pictorial Weekly" to ship for them two of the "Heintzman & Co's Upright Pianos, style D," valued at \$350.00 each to the two successful contestants in their Prize History Competition, and have received their order for the same.

Respectfully,

Heintzman & Co.
per G. L. H.

FREE If you will mention where you saw this ad. and send your address on a post card, we will mail you two copies of the Young Folks Beacon FREE. We offer grand premiums. Address: YOUNG FOLKS BEACON, Wiscasset, Me., U.S.A. 1901. Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

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WANTED, lady agents to canvass for "HOUSE and HOME," a complete house-wife's guide, by Marion Harland, the greatest living writer on household matters. William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto. Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

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CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on the disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address. T. A. SLOOM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

The King of Spain's Ambition.

Longfellow tells of an Indian spirit, called Pau-Puk-Kewis, who was about to be changed into a beaver. Before this transformation his prayer was, "make me large and make me larger, larger than the other beavers." Nearly everybody desires to be larger than he is in one way or another, and so the young King of Spain, in the following incident, was simply manifesting universal human nature.

The little King of Spain, Alfonso XIII., has his boyish ambitions, it seems, even though he is a king. He is now six years old, and he is no longer a "baby king." Recently, it is related by a correspondent at Madrid, the celebrated sculptor, Senor Querol, was engaged to make a statue of the young king.

The sculptor had great difficulty in finding a pose for his subject which should be at once spirited and natural, and sat one day in a brown study, regarding the boy as he looked out at the window.

All at once the sound of a band of music was heard in the street. The king sprang up, and brought his hand to his forehead in the military salute.

"The flag, sir! The flag!" the boy exclaimed. "Salute it!"

The sculptor had found the pose he sought, and made his statue represent the king in the act of saluting his country's flag.

As he was at work, the boy asked the artist:

"Are you going to make me big?"

"The statue will represent your majesty a little larger than you are," said Senor Querol.

"Well," said the five-year-old, "I want you to make me very big, with a long moustache."

The Economy of Generosity.

It was a maxim of Lord Bacon that, when it was necessary to economize, it was better to look after petty savings than to descend to petty gettings. The loose cash that many persons throw away uselessly and worse, would often form a basis of fortune and independence for life. These wasters are their own worst enemies, though generally found among the ranks of those who rail at the injustice of the world. But if a man

will not be his own friend, how can he expect that others will? Orderly men of moderate means have always something left in their pockets to help others; whereas, your prodigal and careless fellows who spend all never find an opportunity for helping anybody. It is poor economy, however, to be a scrub. Narrow-mindedness in living and in dealing is generally short-sighted, and leads to failure. The penny soul, it is said, never came to twopence. Generosity and liberality, like honesty, prove the best policy after all.

Emerson at Home.

George Bancroft the venerable historian, writes of Emerson in the February number of the North American Review: "When he was established in a house of his own," says Mr. Bancroft in summing up the life and character of the Concord sage, "it became the home of his mother, and the regard he showed her was marked by a singular mixture of veneration and affection, as if he had always in mind the very tender memory of their sorrows in the time when she alone bore all the burden of her orphan children. How he could love a brother is recorded for us in the poem in which he bewails a brother's death; how intense was his tenderness as a father, by the words in which he poured forth his sorrows at the death of one of his sons. He never failed a friend; he never forgot his duty to any human being. He held that men were made to do good to one another; it was no burden to him to receive good offices; and he was never weary of administering to the wants of others, often with a too lavish generosity. In public affairs his nearest object of affection was that of his town, and he knew how, when he pleased, to guide its councils at its meetings. His next love was his state; next came the Union, and next the federation of the many nations of the human race."

What Women Should Do.

There are several thousand men in our cities who are doing what women ought to do as well as they, but who cannot. They are men milliners. Do you know that, in sending out new styles for a season, the models which women employes faithfully copy are made by men? Perhaps you are not aware that the handsomest and most expensive bonnets worn on Easter Sunday are the creations of the man milliner. So, too, men make all the "tailor-made" garments. The expert man milliner, and dressmaker for that matter, is always on the lookout to make his work novel and attractive, and hence he is more inventive than his female competitor. This is proved every season by the "dreams in millinery art," which are the outcome of a man's brain.

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See sketches in this week's paper.

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Is a financial success, as is evidenced by the statements made by prominent Dakotians in a pamphlet just issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, copy of which will be sent free upon application to J. Hiland, Gen'l Freight Agent, Chicago, Ill., or to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Pass. Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont.

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'77 JOHN STREET.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and send them back to return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the case of **DR. EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS** a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a Treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE.

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Our object is this—we are publishing the best ladies paper in this country and what we desire is to introduce it to married ladies who have not seen it. We want to send the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY to your lady friend on TRIAL for ONE MONTH, and in order to secure her name we make you this offer:—If you will fill out and return to us the following coupon, together with ten two cent stamps we will send to you AN ELEGANT WORK OF ART FREE. The same as retails in any art store at ONE DOLLAR. This offer is only good for twenty days from this date. Remember that we require the name of a *married* lady.

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Please send to my address the **Elegant Work of Art**, as I
herewith the name and address of a married lady friend who agrees to a
Weekly on trial for **One Month**.

Please send to my address the **Elegant Work of Art**, as I send you herewith the name and address of a *married* lady friend who agrees to accept your *Weekly on trial* for *One Month*.

Name.
Address.

ONE MONTH'S TRIAL SUBSCRIBER

Name
Address

WOULD YOU LIKE
TO BE IN IT?



THE BATTLE OF _____ (?)

One of the most remarkable and terrible ever fought. The army of the general whose previous successes had terrified Europe was posted along the ascent with Hougoumont, and the general himself had taken up his stand in a farm house called the "Belle Alliance." The opposing forces were extended over an elevation in the Charleroi Road about two miles from the little village in Belgium which gave its name to the battle. Each commander was thus able to command a view of the whole field. The first general with better equipped and better drilled troops and unable to see the reserve force of the other was over confident. The second commander, supported by the brave old Prussian marshal, divided his troops into two lines and awaited the beginning of the battle. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock on Sunday the 18th of June, 1815, that the actual engagement began. The action opened with a brisk cannonade on the house and wood of Hougoumont which were held by the troops of Nassau. The contest continued here all day with terrible fury, but without being able to expel the who, although the building had been set on fire, maintained their post amid the flames. Frightful slaughter and great loss ensued. Terrific and resolute attacks were made by the cavalry on the centre, and at six in the evening the allied army had lost ten thousand men. Their opponents had suffered still more severely losing fifteen thousand soldiers. Then the great general on seeing the sweep the old guards before them exclaimed :

"All is lost for the present," and rode from the field. The battle was over.

QUESTIONS:—1st. Name the battle referred to in above description. 2nd. What two nations were principally interested? 3rd. Give names of two principal commanders. 4th. Did defeated commander ever regain his position? 5th. Where did he die?

Toronto, February 2nd, 1892.

To Whom It May Concern:—

This is to certify that we have this day contracted with the publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY to ship for them two of the "Heintzman & Co's. Upright Pianos, Style D.," valued at \$350.00 each, to the two successful contestants in their Prize History Competition, and have received their order for the same.

(Signed) **HEINTZMAN & CO.**

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at \$350.00, will be given for the FIRST correct answers to the above questions and a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the next TEN correct answers received.

All correct answers are numbered and entered on our books as received.

\$100.00 in Cash will be given for the correct answers to the above questions which is the **MIDDLE** one received during the Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received next PRECEDING the middle one, DUPLICATE prizes will be given for the ten correct answers received next FOLLOWING the middle one.

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at \$350.00, will be given for the **LAST** correct answers received before the close of this Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received PRECEDING the last one.

Over \$100 Given Away each Day in Special Prizes.
And the names of winners announced each day in the leading daily newspapers of Canada.

A solid gold watch will be given each day during this competition for the first correct answers received and opened at the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY office upon that day. A handsome rich glass Berry Bowl mounted on an elegant silver stand of the best quadruple plate, our price of which is \$16.00 will be given to EACH province and state daily for the first correct answers received and opened upon that day.

EXPLANATION:—As the Publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY do not consider it advisable that the names of the winners of either of the pianos should be announced until the close of this contest, no daily prize will be awarded for the first correct answers received on THE FIRST DAY; The sender of such necessarily being the winner of the first piano.

In awarding the daily prizes the second correct answers received from the province or state, which have carried off the solid gold watch for that day will be awarded the Berry Bowl mounted on a silver stand, this is to prevent the first recived from that province or state from securing both the watch and berry bowl on that day.

AWARD OF PRIZES:—A committee consisting of a representative from each of the six Toronto daily newspapers will be invited to act in the award of the prizes at the close of this competition. One hundred dollars in cash will be paid for proof of any unfairness or partiality in the award of the prizes.

CONDITIONS:—Answers must be accompanied by one dollar for six months TRIAL subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY which will be sent to any address in Canada or United States that contestants desire; decision will be based on the correctness of the answers rather than on the language used in answering. Answers may be mailed any time before May 15th, 1893, as the prizes are equitably divided over entire time competition is open, persons can enter at any time with an equal opportunity of securing one of the leading prizes. No corrections can be made after answers are mailed unless another trial subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY is enclosed with corrections. The LADIES PICTORIAL Co. is an established and financially responsible publishing concern who offer the above prizes purely as a legitimate manner of attracting attention to their elegant sixteen page illustrated weekly. The purpose is to introduce it (on trial) into every possible home in Canada and the United States. It is intended to make each prize winner a permanent advertisement for the merits of the Weekly. Each daily prize winner must secure from amongst their circle of friends at least two new six months trial subscriptions, and every winner of a leading prize must renew their trial subscription for an entire year. By this plan we shall introduce the Weekly into at least ten thousand new homes, it is simply business plan of increasing our circulation. Address I ADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY Building 192 King Street W. Toronto, Can.



THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

Two servant girls, who are out of employment, meet in the Park and exchange experiences.

FIRST SERVANT.—I had to leave because the lady of the house became jealous of the attentions paid me by her husband.

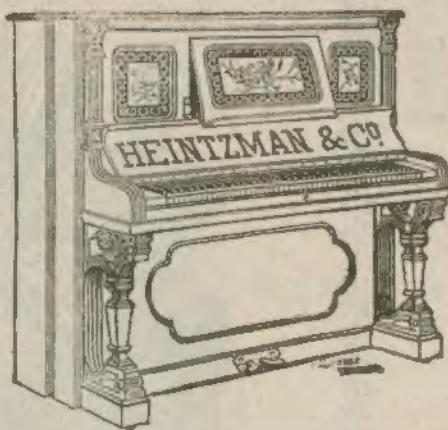
SECOND SERVANT.—That wasn't the case where I was employed. I had to leave because the feller to whom I was engaged was jealous of the attention I showed the husband of the lady of the house.

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